

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 13, 1970 60 CENTS

THE METS AGAINST THE WORLD



THE INCREDIBLE AFTER-SHAVE THAT CONQUERED THE WORLD.



You want to believe the history books?
Or us.

The books say Rome conquered the world with pitched battles and clashing swords.

We say they did it with Bacchus.

Bacchus, a remarkable after-shave that had the power to render men irresistible to women.

Taking a tip from the legend of the Trojan horse, the Romans left huge bottles of Bacchus outside their enemies' gates. At dawn the town's defenders would drag the bottles

inside their battlements and douse themselves with its contents. Within minutes, their womenfolk would pick up the scent. And soon, the city would be left undefended as the men found themselves with something better to do with their time than fight. At that moment, the Romans would march in and take over. And that, we insist, is how the Romans conquered the world.

If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

BACCHUS

After-shave.
THE CONQUEROR.

God bless the dollar but not the scholar?

Is that the way it should be?



Do you believe it's proper to hold prayers in public school classrooms? Or do you think that the Almighty's blessing should be barred from there? The Supreme Court has ruled it should be.

But consider this. The words "In God We Trust" are on every piece of United States currency, both coins and paper. Oaths of office and the Pledge of Allegiance are sworn under God. And many people point to these as examples of the pervasiveness of the concept of a God in our whole Western culture.

They argue that it is a basic precept of American society and that it's just as right to pay homage in public schools to this concept as it is to pay tribute to the national flag. And they believe that the practice of prayer in public schools should be, like any other public issue, governed by the will of the majority of the people.

But others say religion is a private matter, a personal experience not subject to regulation. They call prayer in public schools a violation of individual freedom to worship or not to worship. That prayer in schools, whether by regulation or by tradition, constitutes religious indoctrination which violates the constitutional separation of Church and State.

But, the important thing is for you to have an opinion on this issue and to make it known in writing to local, state and federal officials.

We hope you'll write your various elected representatives on Hammermill Bond — world's best-known letterhead paper. But whether you write on Hammermill Bond or not... write. A paper-thin voice is a powerful persuader. Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pennsylvania, maker of 34 fine printing and business papers.

**HAMMERMILL
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Hammermill urges you to write your public officials.



Materialist.

The Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 has what it takes, fiberglass belts, to give you thousands more miles than even our best selling tire.

The Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2* fiberglass belted tire was subjected to one of the industry's toughest road testing programs. Results: the Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 delivered an average of 35%¹ more miles than even the famous Atlas Plycron—traditionally the tire that has outperformed 4 ply major brand replacement tires in mileage tests. Construction puts the Atlas 2 plus 2

ahead. Two fiberglass belts are bonded onto a tough Vicron polyester cord body. And for traction, the unique wide tread design literally puts hundreds of gripping edges on the road at all times.

For real value you can't beat the 4 ply Atlas Plycron tire. And, for even greater value get a set of Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 tires. You'll save money with every mile

Sometimes materialism can pay off. And remember: Atlas tires, batteries, and accessories are sold at over 50,000 leading service stations.

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PLYCRON 2 PLUS 2

¹Average of all tests run independently by independent test fleets during last 12 months.
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Contents

APRIL 13, 1970 Volume 32, No. 13

22 Beware of the Hawks

Transformed by Joe Caldwell and bolstered by Walt Bellamy, Atlanta is confident of winning the NBA title

28 The Sun Didn't Rise Overnight

Yoshi Hasegawa won the all-around title at the NCAAs, reaffirming Japan's slant toward supremacy in gymnastics

30 Golf, Ruffles and Flourishes

Greensboro's winners: Palmer for prestige, Trevino for controversy, Swaid for nostalgia and Player for lust

38 A Mystery Pursues a Legend

Young Marcel Cerdas comes to New York to reveal whether he is anything like the fighter his father was

Baseball 1970

48 TUMULTUOUS SPRING, SPLINDID SEASON

William Leggett talks of troubles past and fun ahead

SCOUTING REPORTS

52 National League East 65 American League East

57 National League West 70 American League West

74 BALTIMORE'S LIVELY LITTLE MANAGER

The sudden arrival of Earl Weaver By Alfred Wrigley

104 The Hairiest Team of Them All

The bearded Hoosier David bareball team was a storied part of the game's past. A report by Jerry Kirschenbaum

The departments

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 8 Booktalk | 93 Horse Racing |
| 15 TV Talk | 96 Hockey |
| 16 Scorecard | 120 For the Record |
| 81 People | 122 19th Hole |
| 82 Basketball | |

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$15.70 a year, all others \$18.00 a year.

Credits on page 120

Next week

THE FAMED GREEN COAT of the Masters champion is awarded once again. Don Jenkins writes of the man who wins golf's gladiolus rag, how he won and who he defeated.

THE BIG BEND waters of north Florida provide both obscure sea creatures and a good living for a smart young Yankee who came down from Brooklyn and found his panacea.

FREAK-SHOOT ARTIST Wilfred Hezel has been shooting baskets from one knee, with his eyes shut, off the ceiling and on the bounce for 47 years, but don't ask him to dribble.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This week, beginning on page 48, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents its 16th pre-season report on major league baseball. As always we lean heavily on the knowledge and experience of our writers. Bill Leggett, Roy Bloom and Peter Cary, all of whom helped cover the pennant races last year and all of whom will do so again this season. They spent more than six weeks of February and March watching players work out at places like Yuma, Arizona and Fort Myers, Florida in order to gather information and make the judgments reflexed in their scouting reports.

For the seventh time Leggett projects what he saw at the training camps into an overall view of what the 1970 season should be like, concentrating on the game's personalities and likely trends. His predictions have proved to be gratifyingly accurate guideposts to the seasons ahead. Last year, for example, he suggested that the hitting might improve significantly in both leagues, and told why, and as the season advanced batting averages did in fact improve to a remarkable extent.

Baseball writers do not spend all their time writing baseball. Of course, and while Leggett was taking an occasional break to hit a few golf balls and Carry improved his tennis game during off-hours in the Florida sun, Blount was using what spare time he could find in Arizona attempting to beat Henry Aaron to 3,000 hits. "Every morning I'd go to this batting machine near Scottsdale and hit about 53 worth of balls," says Blount, a chafante Little League All-Star short baseman for the DeKalb (Ga.) Moose Company Tigers. "I hit until I got blood blisters on my hands, and I thought I was getting pretty good. Then I'd go over to the Giant camp, watch Willie McCovey murder the pitches from their mabe and cry."

In addition to these three, our baseball team this year boasts one outstanding rookie—if such an experienced and proven journalist may be so described—in the person of Al Wright, a top-ranking SI writer who did his first baseball story for us when the magazine was a mere seven months old. Since that

early profile of Casey Stengel at spring training. Wright has been concerned for the most part with football, golf, and swimming and tennis. For the past two years he has served as our senior editor-in-residence in Los Angeles, from which sabbatical post he was assigned to keep an eye on the whole booming panorama of sport in California. Now once again an Easterner, California-born Wright will devote the major portion of his energies to baseball, for the rest of this season at least. His first project, the profile of Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, begins on page 74.

Unlike Wright, Jerry Kirschenbaum is a true muckie as far as MI baseball is concerned. His story about the House of David, beginning on page 104, is the last baseball piece he has done for us, but nobody on our staff was more qualified to write it. The headquarters of the House of David is located in Kirschenbaum's home town of Benton Harbor, Mich., and as a boy he often visited the sect's huge amusement park and ate its ice cream cones.

"They made sugar cones that were so good people sometimes threw away the ice cream and just ate the cones," says Jerry.

Those youthful joys whetted a curiosity about the House of David that Kirshenbaum has retained ever since. "I've wanted to write something about them for a long time," he says. "I've often thought I'd do a book on them sometime, and when I worked for TIME I once wrote a few hundred words on the House of David under the heading of 'Cults.' This is the first chance I've really had to do anything extensive about them."

We're glad we were able to give Jerry that chance, and we believe his youthful preoccupations, like the expertise of our baseball men, have already got the big league season of 1970 off to a good start.

Lick Munro

Sports Illustrated

Chairman, House of Representatives (1955-1961)
 Director, National Aeronautics and Space Administration (1959-1961)
 Chairman of the House Select Committee on Assassinations (1975-1976)
 President, University of California (1976-1980)
 Chairman, Federal Reserve Board (1980-1986)
 Senior Staff Fellow, Hoover Institution (1986-1990)

Mammals: Editors: A. J. Baker, D. M. Bunnell
Invertebrate Biology: Editors: D. L. Denlinger, C. S. Gahan
Southeastern Mammalogy Bulletin: Editor: T. W. Cooper
Art Direction: David Lee, University of Georgia

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M. J. Griffin and M. J. Whitham
 Department of Psychology, University of York, UK
 E-mail: m.j.griffin@york.ac.uk

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1994; 271: 1000-1001.

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Longitude	118° 00' E	118° 00' E	118° 00' E	118° 00' E	118° 00' E
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Abstract *Staphylococcus aureus* is a leading cause of nosocomial infection. The purpose of this study was to determine the prevalence of *S. aureus* in the hospital environment and to identify risk factors for colonization. A total of 100 samples were collected from various hospital locations. The results showed that 60% of the samples were positive for *S. aureus*. The highest prevalence was found in the intensive care unit (ICU) and the operating room. Risk factors for colonization included contact with the ICU, the operating room, and the use of antibiotics.

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Adoption is for children. If you want a new cat, you'd better just buy one.

If you're thinking of adopting a cat instead of buying one, my advice to you is quite simply...don't. For years before the death of a faithful feline friend, I had read inspiring ads in the PETS FOR ADOPTION section of the classified ads. They all made adoption seem a much less impersonal way to replace my old friend than plain purchase at a pet shop. But they were wrong.

The first advertiser I called was patently insane, so I returned to the newspaper and found another. This one offered what seemed just the thing: "Kittens, Maltese, will deliver." I called promptly and asked if any were still available. "We'll talk about that later," she said. "I have some questions first."

She did indeed. After getting my name, address and phone number, she asked if I had any children. I said no, and the answer seemed to please her. Next she wanted to know if I worked. My affirmative answer did not win any points. There was a pause. "If you're thinking you can't afford a cat," she said at last, "they don't eat that much."

"I know," I replied weakly, adding that I had had a cat before. There followed another long and pregnant pause.

"What," my inquisitor then wanted to know, "happened to it?"

"Happened to what?" I asked.

"Your last cat." I told her he had died at the age of 14½.

"And just what did he die of?" she asked sharply.

I was tempted to say I had forgotten to put on his shin guards before I kicked him, but I settled for telling her "old age."

There was another pause, after which the lady announced that I was indeed deserving of a kitten...if only she had one to give me, but she did not.

After that, several weeks passed as friends, hearing of my plight, assured me they had friends with just the kitten I needed. Unfortunately all the friends' friends were fresh out of kittens.

Just as I was deciding on one last try at the classified, another friend reported seeing a gray kitten for sale in a pet shop at Greenwich Village. I hurried down.

The gentleman in charge was not remotely interested in my private life. He gave me papers to sign relieving the shop of responsibility, took my money, wished me luck, and that was that. I picked up my kitten, said thank you and left.

Several days later, feeling very smug with my new pet on my lap, I read an ad offering kittens for adoption. "Rapid requirements," it warned.

Did I only fancy that my kitten and I exchanged a smile?

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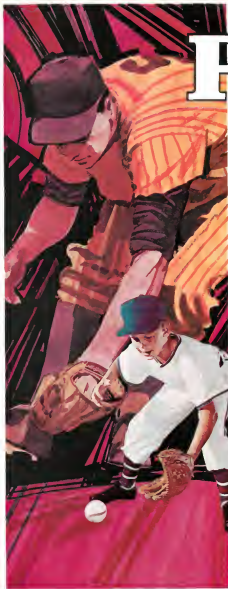
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BOOKTALK

Expensive pictures of carved duck decoys reveal the fine art in their artlessness

In one of his duck-shooting articles, Ed Zern compared decoys moored outside a blind to trucks parked outside a diner. The proprietor of a Pennsylvania diner, it is said, was so struck with the thought that he actually assembled a fleet of dummy trucks to stand outside his eating place.

There is, however, one important difference between a tired and hungry duck and a tired and hungry driver. A dummy truck must at least look like the real thing, but a decoy, as Zern himself points out in a new and expensive book, *The Classic Decoy Series* (Winchester Press, \$100), can assume many shapes and still attract victims.

In Zern's words and in watercolors by Milton C. Weiler, the *Classic Decoy Series* illustrates the work of 24 of the men who made these quaint and often beautiful objects. They were not conscious artists at all but boatbuilders, carpenters, gunsmiths, carriage painters or otherwise skilled workmen and their aim was strictly utilitarian.

Yet much of their work evinces a kind of artistic genius. In his brief foreword to the book, William J. Mackey Jr. calls the decoy makers creators of a new form of folk art.

They took all sorts of liberties with nature. A brant carved by Nathan Cobb about 1860 had an elongated, boatlike body, with an arched neck made from a holly root. Harry Shoups' hollow-cedar old-squaw drake had a vaguely fish-shaped body surmounted by a head that looked as if it had been carved from ivory. A redhead drake carved by Lem Ward resembled a child's toy—a puffed-up back, a velvety maroon head, a proud bill and a shining glass eye conveying an impression of dignity and calm. Put wheels on it and you could imagine it being pulled around a nursery. Captain Ben Holly's green-wing teal hen, which he made in Havre de Grace, Md. about 1865, was at the opposite extreme—a slight, graceful, shapely bird, appearing to be almost tame and at rest.

The Classic Decoy Series is the first book of the Winchester Press, a subsidiary of the arms company. Its high price is accounted for by the fact that only 1,000 copies were printed before the plates were destroyed. The book is so designed that the individual

paintings can be removed and framed. The press, whose editor is William C. Stenkrantz (an Olympic gold-medal winner and champion of the U.S. Equestrian Team), plans to bring out about 35 books a year, but whether enough readers will be interested in decoys to make the first of the series pay off is still to be determined. Despite its handsome appearance, the book suffers from a lack of elementary information, and follows faithfully a tradition long established in the literature of field and stream whereby authors seem more eager to impress than to educate their readers.

Zern begins his essay on decoy maker John T. Corwin's whistler drake with these words: "I was invited to fish a small salmon river on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence." His comments on a brant carved by George Oakley open in this fashion: "I was in Morocco to shoot driven snipe with Bertrand des Cars and Peter Capstick."

The result is a breezy and sometimes amusing exercise in name-dropping but it doesn't tell as much about decoy makers—the only artists whose fame depended not on how their works appealed to human beings, but how they seemed to ducks.

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TV TALK

Some inglorious judgment will limit the audience for a splendid baseball show

Questions of artistic integrity seldom arise with baseball documentaries. But when Bud Greenspan tried to sell the networks a film version of Lawrence Ritter's minor classic, *The Glory of Their Times*, he found that even baseball has its highbrow and lowbrow wings, and that low usually wins. He was advised by anonymous top-level TV philistines to a) get Joe Garagiola for a whimsical commentary, b) have the band play 32 variations of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and c) show Babe Ruth hitting that home run, the one you've seen 714 times by count. He refused, and as a result you may never see this excellent one-hour show. (Greenspan is accustomed to this kind of thing; it took him three years to sell his much-acclaimed Jesse Owens documentary to network TV.) As of now, only the five Westinghouse stations—located in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and San Francisco—will carry the

show, which they are presenting this week.

The years Greenspan covers, 1900 to 1918, are usually depicted in quickstep with a cakewalk background. But he has elected instead to emphasize their quietness. The sound is the sound of old men reminiscing in a deserted post office. Fred Snodgrass murmurs, "I never took credit for losing that World Series." Rube Marquard chuckles, "Muggsy McGraw couldn't lick a stamp."

Between voices, Greenspan has inserted some elegant music, by Irwin Hazekorn, morning-after-Agincourt type of music, almost too dirgeful for a game in which nobody actually dies. You begin to feel that those derby-hatted crowds must have rooted in whispers, a mood enhanced by the deep-toned narration of Alexander Scourby. But Greenspan did not want to upstage his old men with a jazzy soundtrack, or with a snappy encore wisecracking their words away. The silence gives them a touching dignity.

The live footage is scrappy. Newsreels were shot from back in the stands in those days, and cuts were made blind on the negatives, often removing the whole point of the picture. Ty Cobb is observed stealing second, but the film expires just as he goes

into his slide. Fred Mierkle's homer is reconstructed smoothly with real film and fake, but in the confusion Al Birdwell turns into a right-handed batter. What live stuff there is, though, is a connoisseur's freakout: Christy Mathewson pitching his fadeaway (an easy motion to spot, I would guess). Babe Ruth making an inspirational film for boys in 1916, with a coat of white makeup over his moon face, as ghostly as a circus clown.

The baseball in the show is embellished with other matters. Jack Johnson shadow-boxes, William Jennings Bryan carries on about free silver, Woodrow Wilson throws out the first ball and, for some lost reason, salutes our brothers, the Indians. Race film for the hell of it, and why not?

The picture, like the book, doubles as social history and could, if so presented, grab a nonbaseball audience even harder than a baseball one. Maybe that's the trouble: Television still considers baseball fans the lowest form of audience life, with no interests outside their game and not much curiosity inside that. So lots of us will be cheated out of one of the best sports documentaries yet compiled.

—WILFRED SHELDON

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

LET'S SHOOT POLITICIANS, TOO

We live in an era when entrepreneurs of professional sports like to elongate their seasons to the point of both conflict and boredom. One of the newest schemes is that of New Jersey politicians who want to stretch the thoroughbred season at the state's three tracks—Garden State, Monmouth and Atlantic City—to bring the year's total racing dates to 300, which virtually amounts to year-round racing.

If the proposal is passed it will, of course, be fine for the track operators, the state treasury, bookmakers and a handful of successful bettors, owners, trainers and jockeys. What it will do for overworked racehorses is something else again. Horsemen tend, often against their better judgment, to race their horses if the opportunity is there. The more that horses run (particularly the slowly maturing two-year-olds) the less likely they are to develop the durability so necessary at three or four.

Over-racing of young stock is one reason why the handicap division is more depleted annually. A few years ago Southern California, which needed them badly, was granted additional racing days and its two major tracks, Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, used them beneficially; many of the dates were used to build up the handicap division to a point where Santa Anita could offer such a star-studded handicap as last week's mile-and-three-quarters San Juan Capistrano. Eastern horsemen, with year-round targets to aim at in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and in New England outposts, do not need any more racing dates. And certainly not at Garden State, Monmouth or Atlantic City, no matter what the operators and the politicians say.

BASKETBRAWL

The Dallas Cowboys and Houston Oilers got together for a little game of basketball in Houston one night last week. Some of the results:

- Seventy fouls were called.
- Six players fouled out.
- Three more players were ejected for fighting.
- Ron Widby of the Cowboys spent the night in a hospital with a broken nose.
- Teammate Walt Garrison had his eye blackened.
- Another Cowboy, Dennis Homan, suffered a groin injury.
- Houston won 86-84.
- The Cowboys did not show up for a second game scheduled to be played in Freeport the following night.

JOGGING ON THE GRASS, ALAS

President Nixon's crusade for law and order in the District of Columbia, no-ble in motive, is beginning to show results. Not so much in the way of curbing mugging, but it is having a noticeable effect on jogging.

Take the case of Jerry Wright, a San Francisco lawyer and notorious jogger. He has written for *The Runner's World* (formerly *Distance Running News*) an account of a serious confrontation with the law he had while haphazardly jogging in Washington during a law conference he attended there.

"After passing the White House [note the cheeky insolence involved here] I went into the park area . . . and was enjoying running on the large grassy area," he wrote. "I approached Constitution Avenue, which cuts this grassy area in half. When traffic had completely cleared I crossed the avenue and made my way several hundred yards more up to the Washington Monument. At this time I heard the roar of a motorcycle behind and a gruff voice saying, 'Hey, buddy, come on over here.' It was a member of the elite park police of Washington, D.C."

The cop, writing a ticket for jaywalking, learned that Wright was from San Francisco and, says Wright, "with concealed glee, said, 'We're going to take you in.'" Not one but two patrol cars arrived to escort the miscreant to a po-

lice station, where he was told that had would be \$5. In a T shirt and running shorts, Wright had no money on him. Two patrolmen escorted him to court in a Black Maria. There he was put into a holding cell.

In due course, court opened and Wright pleaded guilty. He had, after all, been caught in the act. A lenient judge imposed neither fine nor sentence. But Wright had no taxi fare back to his hotel. He couldn't very well jog. A fellow attorney lent him a couple of dollars.

SO MUCH FOR TEACHER

Before a recent exhibition game in Florida, Ted Williams was lecturing his Senator infielders on how essential it is to grip the ball across the seams when they throw it in order to prevent its taking off. Ted noticed Bill Mazeroski of the Pirates standing nearby. Pointing to him, Ted said, "Here's one of the greatest second basemen in history. He'll tell you how necessary it is to grip the ball properly. Maz, how do you grip the ball?"

Replied Mazeroski, "Any way I can grab it," thereby ending the instruction.

EVALUATION OF A CHAMP

The practice of bringing up young prize-fighters by matching them against has-beens and never-will-bes in the early stages of their development is universal. It can be defended as necessary to give a young boxer self-confidence and a chance to learn the skills of a professional. It can also be carried too far.

José Manuel Díaz, now known simply as Urtain, once lifted a rock weighing 188 kilograms (413.6 pounds) and thus became a champion of this Spanish Basque sport. Last Friday night in Madrid, in the highest heat of his 20-month boxing career, Urtain continued his meteoric climb through mediocrity by knocking out Peter Weiland, a bald, pudgy West German, and became the European heavyweight champion.

Though Urtain floored Weiland in each of the first three rounds before stopping him in the seventh, the German never seemed any more shaky than he had been when he climbed into the ring. Lifting rocks gave Urtain admirable muscular development across the shoulders but this seems to have made it impossible for him to throw a right—his best punch—without drawing his arm far back. This leaves his already suspect chin open to a left hand. But We-

continued

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land, a southpaw, never seized the opportunity. Once, in the third round, Westland slapped Urtain's face and then, looking apologetic, backed into a corner, where he meekly took a couple of punches and fell down. Westland never did follow up an opportunity and in the seventh, after taking a flurry of punches, backed to the ropes, sat on the bottom strand, took the count of ten, then jumped lightly to his feet.

For his first fight, at a San Sebastian soccer field, Urtain drew a crowd of 20,000. He has been selling out hall-nings ever since. Spain is not a wealthy country, but ringside tickets to the Westland fight cost \$100. Now it would appear that Urtain may be as big a hero as El Cordobes.

But not to all. The greatest Basque heavyweight in history, Paulino Uzcudun, 37 years ago held the title Urtain now has. Asked what he thought of his compatriot, he made a telltale face, then added a diplomatic "So-so."

HOW TO MAKE CHESS POPULAR

Vernon Parton, a 72-year-old retired schoolteacher of Liverpool, England, has written a booklet called *Challenge and Delight of Chessical and Decoral*, which tells how to play 14 chess games Mr. Parton has invented. He uses ordinary chessmen (with some imaginative additions) and a chessboard made up of a hundred squares in place of the standard 64-square board.

His games suggest an eerie combination of the art of ancient war, from which chess derives, and modern psychological, scientific and guerrilla warfare. In what he calls Chimaera Chess, there are two new chessmen whose strength is the power of illusion. Along with the traditional king, queen, bishops, knights and rooks, there are two chimaera—Parton calls them monsters—on each side. They move like the queen, but they cannot capture anything. On the other hand, they cannot be captured. But when they range up to a hostile piece which they would be able to capture (if they could capture anything) that enemy piece must move to the space the monster occupied while the monster merely takes over the space it vacated. The possibilities of drawing away the king's protection in pursuit of the chimaera are obvious. (Aren't they?)

Then there is Chess Tweedie, in which both players have two kings and two

queens. And Gorgona Chess, named for the Greek monster that petrified victims by its gaze. (A gorgon cannot capture anything, either, but when it bears directly on an enemy piece that piece cannot move.) Mr. Parton presents his new chess games modestly as "a kind of relaxation" and says he believes that chess players of any degree of skill can readily master them. He seems to have overestimated the powers of concentration of ordinary chess players in that respect, but his hook nevertheless accomplishes something longthought to be impossible. Try playing over his games, and plain old-fashioned chess seems easy.

ASKING FOR TROUBLE

By order of Sean O'Geary, officer of the World Marbles Board of Control, women are barred from the world championships at Tinsley Green, England.

"They look ridiculous when they crouch," O'Geary explained somberly and judiciously. "Miniskirts are a disaster for marbles. Even in trousers or miniskirts their bottoms are not suitable for the game. And we couldn't limit the championships to women with size-14 hips or less."



You'll be hearing from the Women's Liberation Movement, O'Geary.

THE EQUAL OPEN

Young golfers on the pro tour have been grouching that the Palmers, Caspers and Beards enjoy advantages not available to younger, less affluent players. They

can, for instance, afford to hire a full-time caddy to do everything from checking each golf course in advance to driving the car from city to city. Gene Sarazen says, "They have a good gripe." PGA Commissioner Joe Dey is listening to the complaints. And, during the Greensboro Open, Bert Yancey sat down to write out his thoughts on the matter:

"There seems to be a group of younger players on the tour who would be the first entries in a tournament I shall call the Equal Open. This tournament would be held sometime in the not-too-distant future on a glass-covered golf course so there would be no effects of wind and rain. There would be no qualifying for this tournament, so everyone can play. Each person would play by himself at the same hour using the same caddy."

"It will be necessary to arrive at this tournament by walking from a previously determined site, at which all players will be billeted for a period of two weeks to get over the effects of driving aches from a 1959 car and earaches from cabin pressure of Lear jets."

"All players will be required to eat the same foods for this period of two weeks and will not be allowed to do any additional exercises they may wish to do on their own. Practice will be limited to one hour a day. Once play has begun, with all players using the same clubs and balls, galleries will be required to clap only for shots within two feet of the cup and putts holed over 40 feet."

As for the Equal Open's prize money, the way Yancey sees it everyone will get the same amount.

THEY SAID IT

- Alex Karras, Detroit Lions tackle who was once suspended for an entire season for betting, doubly on Denny McLain's half-season suspension for a hook-making try: "I must have been a bad, bad boy in 1963. What's this mean, anyway? If you can win 40 games can you kill somebody?"
- Boh Lamer Sr., more than moderately gratified by his son's \$1,200,000 contract with the Detroit Pistons. "It's nice to have a million-dollar baby."
- Bill Kalmer, New Orleans quarterback, on being at first flattered by a "Kalmer for Mayor" sign in the stands: "Then I realized the mayor is the only person in New Orleans who is booed more than me."

END



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BEWARE OF THE HAWKS

Transformed by Joe Caldwell and bolstered by Walt Bellemey, Atlanta has an unshakable belief that it will be the first Western Division team in more than a decade to win the pro basketball championship **by FRANK DEFORD**

The Atlanta Hawks, peaking at exactly the right moment, have suddenly established themselves as very real contenders for the NBA championship. Their confidence is genuine, to the point that defeat would bring disillusion, not merely disappointment. Surely, it would hardly be smart for one to assume that the New York-Milwaukee winner in the East is home free. In fact, the way the Hawks have gone for the last month, Pete Maravich should have demanded a no-cut contract.

"I've always felt," says Bill Bridges, the Hawks' captain, "that the team that enters the playoffs with the fewest problems is going to win. Considering the problems we have had in the past, it is no surprise, in retrospect, that we didn't win." Considering this, too, it is no surprise that Los Angeles, forced into an entirely different kind of offense and defense to accommodate the return of Wilt Chamberlain, was struggling to survive in the first round against a second-year expansion team. The Phoenix Suns, led off the boards by Paul Silas and Connie Hawkins, surrounded Wilt. On offense the Lakers seemed almost befuddled by his presence. In contrast, the other real big man, Lew Alcindor, led his Bucks with dispatch past Philadelphia, four games to one. Wilt can take some solace from the fact that, just as NBA referees have always exercised a double standard where he was involved—permitting opponents to do everything but set dynamic charges to his ankles—so too are they trying to even things up by letting Alcindor's opponents assault him

with impunity. "An Unseld or a Reed is going to beat Lew up worse than we did," 76er Center Darrell Imhoff said after the series. "If he thinks this was physical, wait till he gets to one of them."

Wilt's Reed, of course, is the one Alcindor now gets to. The league MVP, fortified with cortisone shots, brought New York home again over Baltimore, but this time it took seven games and everything the Knicks had. Reed had 36 points and 36 rebounds in the third New York victory but, overall, he and Wes Unseld fought to a standoff. The losers' Earl Monroe was the outstanding performer of the series, with shooting displays—against Walt Frazier—that were as remarkable as any playoff crowd ever witnessed. In the end, though, the Knick defense provided the margin of victory.

Atlanta, on the other hand, cut easily through Chicago in five games. The Hawks' one loss to Chicago was their only defeat in 11 games, going back to March 8, and their confidence is all the more impressive since it is fresh and can hardly be based on tradition. This is a team that has not yet won a playoff series from anything but expansion fodder since 1964. Besides, the Hawks are almost all somebody else's rejects, and they seldom receive individual acclaim. They tend to blur in the public mind since none was a fantabulous super-duper in college. Coincidentally, there is not a white hope among them.

In point of fact, the Hawks really were a dull team to watch for many years, being a clutch of burly plodders. "Those were your bodybuilding teams," says Joe

Caldwell, his mandarin face split by a luminous smile. The Hawks obtained Caldwell in a trade with Detroit on Dec. 28, 1965 and, with hindsight, one can say that was the day the character of the team began to change.

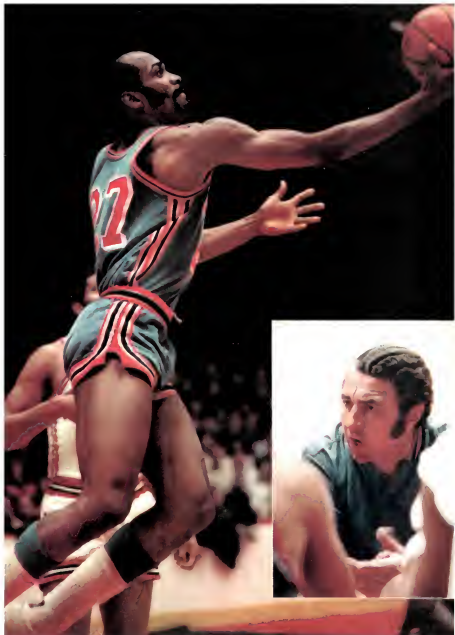
If the Hawks have become fast and flashy, their record this year still was nothing special. Aside from a nine-game winning streak right after the start of the season, and the last six at the end, Atlanta was an aimless, losing club. The Hawks finished first in a division that had only one other team, Jerry West, over .500.

Atlanta's ineffectiveness was the result of Zelma Beatty's jumping to the rival ABA. Jimmy Davis fell heir to Z's role, but, playing 35 minutes a game, he lost 12 pounds by February. More and more he had to yield the rebounding tasks to Bill Bridges, who, though only 6' 6", finished as the fourth leading rebounder in the league.

Near the end of January the team had a meeting. There was nothing exceptional about this; the Hawks are forever having meetings. It could drive a player crazy if he didn't enjoy them—the old joke about the wino who said he'd rather be a drunk than an alcoholic since alcoholics had to attend meetings. The Hawks will get together for almost any reason. They rely on a search for communal catharsis. "We believe in talking things over," Lou Hudson

continued

Jumping Joe Caldwell sells in for a layup, and mad Coach Querin exhorts other Hawks



son says "We get rid of a lot of things that way."

Anyway, at this particular meeting, Caldwell and Walt Hazzard started pushing similar lines of thought—that the Hawks were falling back into their old deliberate ways. When they missed the break they were getting too involved in setting up everything just so for a particular play. Guerin agreed, and the Hawks turned to free-lancing.

Shortly thereafter, as the Feb. 1 trading deadline drew near, Guerin ran up a large phone bill in a Los Angeles motel. By the time he finished he had traded the rights to Beatty to San Francisco for what turned out to be Muravich and had acquired Center Walt Bellamy from Detroit for cash and an extra first-round pick the Hawks had that was originally Milwaukee's, via Phoenix. (That's correct.) In the

Against the inspired Bullets, Birden's driving bursts and Reed's power built an early lead.





draft this pick turned out to be somebody named Gary Freeman of Oregon State. Guerin's coup means that the Atlanta front line of Bellamy, Bridges and Caldwell was obtained by the surrender of John Barnhill, Shellie McMillon, Al Ferrari and Gary Freeman.

Bill Russell has often said that some games that Bellamy played against him were the best any man ever showed him, but Bellamy's inconsistency is implicit

in that statement. His nadir was reached at Detroit, where he was literally not playing a full minute at the end of his stay, but since joining Atlanta he has performed with a vengeance. Not only has he given the Hawks what they hoped for—board strength and offense in the middle—but his passing off the high post has been a real bonus, and he has been scrambling and diving for loose balls like a rookie.

continued

As his Phoenix teammates surround the basket, Hawkins takes a rebound away from Wilt.





The Hawks have gone out of their way to welcome the big man. Davis, who was to be replaced in the starting lineup by Bellamy, stood up at a downtown fans' luncheon and said, "I just ask that you all will be as nice to Walter as you have been to me." It was a situation that, in essence, was to be duplicated a few weeks later when Hazzard, hearing on the radio that Maravich had been signed, got dressed and drove downtown to greet the young man who will be his well-publicized competition next season. Each move was in character, for the Hawks are a kind of diplomatic corps, or, more accurately perhaps, they resemble a group of U.S. Senators; they are strong-willed individuals, by nature independent types, but also capable of submitting themselves to the highest team discipline. "In my heart and soul," Richie Guerin says, confusing his perceptions a bit, "I've never seen a more close-knit team."

Among the Senators, Guerin is the majority leader, with Assistant Coach Gene (Bumper) Tormohlen his whip. Both are part of the team as well as over it since, in a transparent expansion-inspired subterfuge, both technically remain on the active list. Tormohlen has given up the pretense of a uniform, but Guerin does still dress, although the attire appears to trouble him occasionally. He regularly pulls down on the bottom of his shorts when he stands up, rather like a shy young beauty pageant also-ran who suddenly finds herself parading barelimbed before a large assemblage. Guerin dresses off the court like his charges, too, and favors the tinted glasses that most of the boys in his band affect, but he is clearly the boss. "God-dammit," he recently began a friendly time-out, "sit down here"—lighting particularly into Hudson, who had just sunk a 20-footer.

Of the playing Senators, Bridges, the elder statesman, has always responded well to Guerin and is an obvious candidate to succeed as a coach himself. He reverts with Hudson, who resembles everybody's favorite younger brother. Lou is friendly, open, handsome, at 25 still unmarried. Caldwell is the balding blithe spirit with a voice that he has surely expropriated from Comedian Nipsey Rus-

sell, but he is also the team's player representative and is well cast as shop steward since he verges on ubiquity, on and off the court. Hazzard, the man in control of the floor, is by turns analytical and animated, philosopher and comic.

With Bellamy at center, every member of the starting five has played in an All-Star Game, though all have been overlooked in the final all-league voting. The Hawks themselves are reluctant to cite any one of their number as more equal than the others. Indeed, faced with naming someone to succeed Beatty as team MVP, Guerin gave up and had the trophy inscribed, simply, HAWK TEAM.

Nevertheless, if he is not the most valuable or the best or whatever, Caldwell is surely the fulcrum on which the Hawks turn. This is because his duties are so susceptible to change, and because his peculiar talents are the most difficult to replace. The Hawk game is so fluid and flexible that even when Hudson is off—and he is one of the best shooters alive—nearly adequate accommodations can be made, at least for a while. But Caldwell's value is elemental, as the Chicago series showed.

Spidery and tireless, able to dart and hover with equal facility, Caldwell is operationally similar to a LEM. Certainly he can land anywhere, and while he and Hudson have switched this year and he lines up as a forward on offense, this is mostly just a convenience to the scorer. Joe gained initial notoriety by perfecting the art of "cherry picking"—cheating downcourt at the last moment while on defense, and, steps ahead of the retreating opponents, taking a long pass (usually from Bridges) for an easy layup. But to continue to rate him primarily for this ability is to list Babe Ruth as a pitcher. "Joe is the best defensive player in the league," Chicago's Dick Motta said after one game last week, and that opinion is spreading. Guerin uses Caldwell—who is 6' 5", 195—on the opponent's main offensive threat, guard or forward, though he would prefer having Caldwell on a guard because then Caldwell pressures the ball all over the court. "They all want to bring it up, work it up themselves, which is fine," Caldwell says, "but after a while they throw it up, they throw it up."

If his man doesn't have the ball Caldwell is so quick he can take great risks in overplaying to cut him off. And he is relentless. He tells the story on himself

about the time he first played against Bill Russell. Caldwell was determined not to be intimidated by a reputation and, as a consequence of this bravado, he drove 10 straight times on Russell, which resulted in 10 straight blocked shots. "The next time I'm coming down the court, ready to go right at him the 11th time," Caldwell says, "and I pass Russell around midcourt. He looks over at me, and then he turns to Sam Jones and he just says: 'Who is that boy?'"

Against Chicago, Caldwell was put on Forward Chet Walker, the Bulls' leading scorer. Chet went an exasperating 14 for 36 in the first three games, all Hawk victories. In the fourth game Caldwell handled Walker with aplomb in the first quarter, but then Guerin shifted him to Guard Shaler Halmon when Halmon entered the game. Halmon had made 11 baskets in the third game, and had almost brought the Bulls back. Against Caldwell, Halmon took six minutes to get a shot off and went scoreless in 19 minutes of play. Walker, repressed at last, went on to make 39 points.

Caldwell himself scored 38, and averaged 29 for the series after a 21-point season. "He's got to be the most underrated player in the league," Motta says. "I used to see him a lot when he was at Arizona State. I didn't think he'd make it then because he had no shot. He worked on that himself. But you have to give the outside shot to him. You can't play close on him, because he can go by anybody all night."

Because Caldwell—and the other Hawks—will cheat for the fast break, they have been vulnerable to opponents who get second shots through good offensive rebounding. But Atlanta has all its other flanks protected, and is a prime candidate to become the first Western team to win the NBA title since their ancestors, the St. Louis Hawks, won in 1958.

The players believe in that possibility with what borders on a kind of mysticism. Bridges, speaking carefully, trying his best to translate an emotion, says, "I don't exactly remember when it was, but suddenly it spread over us. It was something that I had never experienced before, and I can't describe it. But suddenly this feeling was just with us all and we knew we would win. We knew that. Even Walter Bellamy believes that now, and every day he believes, the better we are."

END

Missed and mowed, Lou still averaged 38 against Philly, often with his accurate hook.



THE SUN DIDN'T RISE OVERNIGHT

Yoshi Hayasaki (above), who won the all-around title at the NCAA meet, showed again that the Japanese are the world's best gymnasts because they gladly suffer interminable workouts—and slaps in the face **by DAN LEVIN**

In 1966 Yoshi Hayasaki left Japan for Seattle. He had won a gymnastics scholarship to the University of Washington, but he didn't understand English and all he could say was "yes" and "no." Therefore, the university enrolled him in a postgraduate course at a local high school. One day, while working out, Yoshi noticed that his fellow gymnasts had disappeared. They never came back. He was bewildered, but he kept practicing by himself day after day. A year later he learned that what had happened was that the gymnastics season had ended. Yoshi understands English now, but he doesn't understand that. "You cannot be a good gymnast if you

work out only half a year," he says.

Last week, at Philadelphia's Temple University, Hayasaki's diligence paid off: he easily won the all-around title at the NCAA gymnastics championships. His victory also served as a reminder of Japan's overwhelming superiority in the sport. After the war Japan sought redemption through sport. Make your bodies strong, the young were told, and Japan will heal itself. Gymnastics was the prescribed medicine, and by 1960 Japan had established its supremacy in international competition.

But Japan's domination is a bitter pill for U.S. coaches. "If those Japanese hit it right, forget it," one said of Hayasaki

and teammate Hideo Umeda, who eventually finished third. "My boys are demoralized. It's a great feeling to know you have a chance for first, but who wants to set his sights for third?"

"Foreign gymnasts aren't helping our programs," another coach said. "You do your best to coach a team, you recruit from every corner of the country, then everything goes down the drain."

One gymnast offered a minority view: "Rather than admitting Japanese superiority and giving up," he said, "we should copy their programs and improve on them. That's what Japan did." He was referring to the meteoric rise of Japanese gymnastics in the last two dec-



ades. At the 1932 Olympics the Japanese team was nearly laughed out of the gym. After World War II an American made this historic prediction. "We've got nothing to fear from Japanese gymnasts. Their arms are too short for the side horse and their hands are too small for the horizontal bar." Ha! There is no record of any Japanese comment. They just took movies at every meet they attended, smiled inscrutably when asked why, copied what they saw on film, practiced, practiced, practiced, and in 1956 were second in the Olympics. The Japanese team finished first at Rome, Tokyo and Mexico City.

Like the Japanese of 25 years ago, Hayasaki's arms are too short and his hands too small, but no one seems to have told him. When working on the side horse, an event where long-armed men have a pronounced advantage, Hayasaki actually hyperextends his arms at the shoulders. You can see the importance of arm length in this event if you

squat and try to lift yourself from the floor on your palms. On the horizontal bar Hayasaki's small hands were such a handicap that he got 9.45 points of a possible 10. Gymnastics is a sport where long, graceful lines can't help but sway judges, and Hayasaki is only 5'4", but he offsets this shortcoming by near-perfect execution of every movement—not a trace of wobble on handstands, no hesitation in transitional movements.

Before competition on the final day, the controversy over foreign gymnasts flared anew. "American scholarships should be given to American boys first," said Penn State Coach Gene Wettstone. "A state university is supported by the people of the state and it's bad enough to take kids from out of state, but from out of the country? Why waste our resources on guys who might beat us in international competition?" Wettstone, who is chairman of the NCAA gymnastics rules committee, favors the limiting of foreign recruiting, perhaps to one non-American per team. Some point out, however, that such action would merely be attacking the symptoms. The sickness is American gymnastics itself. In the last three Olympics the highest American all-around finish was Makoto Sakamoto's 20th in 1964, and Sakamoto is a Japanese-American who studied gymnastics in Japan.

There are six events in gymnastics, but five of them are so difficult to master that most Americans specialize in one or two. However, in international competition, gymnasts must perform compulsory and optional routines in all six. Compulsories are composed of the skills on which good gymnastics lions are built, but the majority of American kids hate their repetitiveness and haven't the self-discipline to master them. "They come to me with all kinds of mechanical faults," complains University of Iowa Coach Mike Jacobson, "and when you correct them you throw off their timing. They get frustrated, and soon they're ruined for international competition. All they want to do is tricks."

"They're trying to learn overnight here," says Hayasaki. "You can't do that. You have to go slowly and study your superiors. It takes years."

The obvious question arises: If we get more young gymnasts to master the compulsories and to become all-around performers, do we then become a threat to the Japanese? The answer, it would be

a very small step in the right direction. U.S. gymnasts still would not be growing up in a country with an ancient culture based on stoicism and patience and respect for one's elders. Listen to Hayasaki, then contrast him with some high school kid you know—and hear in mind that Yoshi is a swimmer compared to his friends' hack hottie. "At my school we had to go through our whole routine three times each day," he says. "Sometimes I would be exhausted near the end, almost falling off the apparatus. Coach would say get up. Sometimes he would slap my face, but I would never get mad because he was my coach. He was trying hard to help me be a good gymnast. I would be feeling sorry for myself, and a slap could make me strong again. The weakness was psychological, not physical."

When Hayasaki was 18 he finished fourth in the Japanese high school championships. Soon he received the scholarship offer from Washington. All modern Japanese boys want to come to America, he says, but the decision was a difficult one. He would never be as good a gymnast if he went, but if he stayed it would be like the army, living in a gymnastics dorm at college, cooking and cleaning for older gymnasts, curfews, no holidays, running and calisthenics before breakfast; four hours of workouts every day. "I could not stand life without gymnastics," he told his worried parents, "but there are other things."

On the last night of competition at Philadelphia, Hayasaki won the horizontal bar competition for specialists, which was roughly equivalent to Bill Tormey beating Bob Beamon in the long jump. Hayasaki finished his routine with a complete full turn in the air—what is known as a RCIV movement, an acronym for risk, originality and virtuosity.

"Gymnastics is so deep," he said afterward. "I am trying to see my limit, how much I can do, and always I am never satisfied with my routine. After each meet I feel that I have to do better next time. Even my compulsories are a challenge. 'How can you do better than the other guy if you do exactly the same routine?' some people say, but everyone is a different physical type, and so there is always a challenge." He was quiet for a moment. "You know," he said, "if somebody takes my gymnastics away from me right now I think I would have a problem."

END

GOLF, RUFFLES AND FLOURISHES

Palmer and Casper went to the White House, Trevino went to El Paso, Snead went to the dogs and Player went to the winner's circle as the \$180,000 Greater Greensboro Open said a lot about the game today by PAT RYAN

They held a mixed foursomes at the White House last Saturday night—Duk and Pat, Ted and Judy, the Duke and Duchess, Arnold and Winnie, Billy and Shirley. That was the class of the field, although some 50 other teams qualified. It was a best-ball affair—white tie and tails, sparkling gowns, *Ruffles and Flourishes*.

The Chief Justice was there, and three ambassadors, and three cabinet members, plus a smattering of industrialists such as Henry Ford II, two fibers (Lindbergh, Charles and Boesman, Frank), a dancer (Fred Astaire), a touch of society, some of it merely identified as golfing partners of the Duke, and even a third U.S. Open winner, Johnny Farrell, whom the Duke toasted as "my savior at golf."

While warm light reflected off the golden candelabra, the *summa frons* Windsor, the *suprimes de papyrus* (romantic) and the *feutiles de l'annee du Kenrick* came and went. There was a toast to the Duke and Duchess by the President, in which it was noted that dinner-guest Palmer that very day had maintained his lead in the Greater Greensboro Open with a 67. With the *ouffle* *Duchesse* came the U.S. Air Force Strolling Strings, and moments later, over brandy and coffee in the Blue Room, Palmer and the former King Edward VIII of England were deep in conversation. The Duke was explaining that he uses Palmer's clubs, and

As midnight neared, the Nixons slipped away, followed shortly by the Palmers and Caspers, the golfers flying back to their competitive concerns. Golf plainly has made it in the Great White Clubhouse, and as Sam Snead was saying at Greensboro, "The old game sure has changed." Greensboro week showed how much.

The White House invitations brought the Greensboro event a degree of reflected glory, which it can use, since it is played the week prior to the Masters and is usually lost in Augusta's shadow. Greensboro is an old tournament, dat-

ing from a time when golf professionals lived out of the trunks of Model A's and weren't much welcome in clubhouses. Back then, the citizenry of Greensboro viewed the pro golfers uneasily, to say the least, and there were suggestions from time to time that the town might well be rid of them. But in the three decades since, the annual tournament has become an esteemed civic venture, with an announced purpose of "making Greens-

boro greater." It benefits local community programs and provides the Jaycees, the group of intense young men who run the tournament, with an opportunity for "leadership training."

"We are operating a half-million-dollar business," explains Mike Haley, the tournament's 31-year-old assistant chairman. He opens the glossy GGO program and turns the pages to a spread of photographs. "These are the men who have



Arriving to host the Chief, the Palmers disembark from their jet dressed for affairs of state.

run the tournament in the past," he says. "They own Greensboro. They are the *Who's Who* of the city." His fingers pass over the daguerreotypes of successful state senator, car dealer, manufacturer, oilman, mayor, insurance man, dentist.

To earn a place in this gallery of straight-tipped men is the ambition of young Jaycoes like Mike Haley. The tournament has six dozen committee chairmen charged with various projects—everything from getting portable toilets, to the selection of a Miss GGO, to coffee klatches and cocktail parties, to a fishing rodeo for the golfers, to the appearance of Loretta Young in marabou feathers at the pretournament banquet. Their mood is one of tense endeavor. To be a Jaycoed must be wearing, for at the age of 36 a man is dropped from the club and thereafter is known as "an exhausted rooster."

One man who much appreciates Greensboro's tournaments is Sam Sneed; he won the first one in 1938 and seven more after that. Last week Sneed wasn't to be found in any Holiday Inn or Ramada or Howard Johnson's, but in a cabin at a Brand X establishment. He was putting balls across the carpet at a chair leg—knock, knock, knock; the balls ricocheted off the wood. A handsome woman was popping corn on the stove while Sam waited for some friends to go fishing with him for him.

"I remember that first year heading down here in a 1936 Ford," he said. "I got stopped in Candor [N.C.] for going through a red light. I didn't go through a red light, or even an amber one, but they stopped me and the cop took me to a one-armed justice of the peace in a feed store. All I had was \$3 in cash and some \$20 traveler's checks. The justice of the peace said the fine would be \$5. He wouldn't cash a traveler's check, said he didn't want none of those things. I went across the street to the bank, but it was shut. The man had gone hard burning. I had an awful time. I drove through that town yesterday. There's still just the crossroads and the one light, and I got to thinking about that day. I guess there aren't many people around still who remember that first tournament."

The balls continued to knock against the chair leg. "My legs are dying out" . . . knock, knock . . . "You know Sam Sneed can still putt with the best of them," the handsome woman said. "Bull . . . bull . . . bull," murmured Sneed.

In Greensboro they say, "People in other places look for robbers as a sign of spring, but here we look for the GGO." Yet spring was hardly visible last week. Wednesday's pro-am was washed out by a cold drenching rain. Two marshals, rookie Jaycoes, turned in their helmets at headquarters toward the end of the day. "It sure was wet out there protecting our African friend," one of them drawled, wringing out his shirt. They had gone around the course with Gary Player.

It rained all Wednesday night and into Thursday. Thirty-five-mile-an-hour gusts whipped through the pines and sweet gums of the Sedgefield club course, and the first round had to be canceled. As a result, there would be a 36-hole final on Sunday.

Arnold Palmer, for one, was not

pleased. Five weeks ago he led the Florida Citrus Invitational, shooting a 64 after a rain-out day. But in a 36-hole Sunday final he went 64-72, getting tired and missing a tie by three-putting the 72nd green. "Maybe I should make way for some of the younger players," he said at Greensboro. "My hip and back get weary. I always enjoyed playing 36 holes. I still do if I can make it. I'll have to pace myself. The hip held up at Citrus, but I was tired. It took a couple days to get it back feeling good."

In the lull at Greensboro, while the players whiled away Thursday afternoon, the talk repeatedly turned to Lee Trevino, the tour's leading money winner who has two victories and \$77,000 banked to date in 1970. Trevino was at Sedgefield, but he would not play the next

continued



Rushing to heal their chief, Arnie's Army dashes beneath the full blossoms of Greensboro

week at the Masters. In Augusta, officials could not remember when an American tour player—to say nothing of a leading money winner—had turned down an invitation, except for illness.

Trevino does hit a golf ball on a low trajectory, and his shots do not hold well on Augusta's greens, but last year he finished just two over par, tied for 18th and beat people like Palmer, Nicklaus and Player. Asked last week when it was he first despaired of playing Augusta National well, Trevino said, "It was the third or fourth day. I was paired with Kermit Zarley. At the 6th hole I hit the ball stiff to the pin. It landed 10 feet from the hole and drew back off the green 50 yards. I said, 'Kermit, this course beats me to death.' So this year I've got another commitment. I'm going home to El Paso to my wife and children. You tell 'em I'm gonna get drunk and maybe go across the border to Juarez and chase women. I'll watch the Masters on television."

There are people who intimate that Trevino turned down the Masters invitation as a kind of anti-Establishment gesture, for those who are invited to play in the Masters are certainly an elite corps. The field is restricted, too restricted, a number of pros think. And Trevino, whatever his reasons for passing up the tournament, is quite simply the common man, drinker of Dr Pepper and leader of a fan pack known as Lee's Fleas. Possibly that's the rub.

On Friday, when the pros teed off at last, it was Trevino who drew the early crowds. The day was chill. "Give me a swag of that bourbon," one man said turning to a friend. Already an empty fifth in a paper bag lay behind a tree stump. Trevino began pulling his shots, and he bellowed at his wayward ball and stuck his tongue out to sass a wobbly putt into a hole. The crowd laughed exuberantly. He finished with a par 71. In the same threesome was Tommy Aaron, who had gone around with sober concentration and shot a seven-under-par 64. Two men, two styles, both very professional in their way.

Sam Snead teed off at midday Friday, a prime time for golfing crowds, but he drew fewer than five dozen people. Perhaps he is right about his fans dying, for

they were sadly gone. He played with Jim Ferrier and Jack Fleck, pros of another time who are unsteady. A yellow mongrel puppy trotted up the first fairway with the threesome, jawing on bags and discarded paper cups that he found. The dog plopped on the fringe of the first green as the men putted out. A school bus full of children passed, and out came a thin shrill cry—"There's Mr. Snead." As the golfers hit their approaches at 2, the only figure seen on the rim of the distant green was the yellow puppy. Later he was joined by a coon hound and a boxer. In this company Sam



Old Sam was afraid that his fans were dying and his putter was dead.

Snead shot a 69. It was a silent round, punctuated only by the staccato cheers of Arnold Palmer's gallery, sounds of worship that rolled across the fairways, demanding all attention, like thunder from a coming storm.

At the turn Palmer was three under par. He sank seven birdie putts in a stretch of 11 holes and by the time he came to 17 the gallery—among the biggest of his life, he said—was whistling and stomping as if it was at a Carolina football game. It was 5:30 and the shadows were long—a splendid scene, strangely reminiscent of late afternoons in Augusta. Palmer put his approach 2½ feet from the cup. "Go, Arnie, go," the gallery yelled. He rapped the birdie putt and it went past the hole by a foot. Par. On 18 Palmer put his second tight to the pin. This time he made the birdie to finish with a 64 and tie Aaron for the lead.

What Palmer dreads is the inconsistency of his putting. One day it is good and

the next it sours. Despite the missed birdie on 17, his putting had been fine in the first round. And in the second it was not all that bad as he scrambled to his 67.

Player (We read it every week, now: "Gary Player, protected by armed...") Sad testimony) moved up sharply on Saturday, shooting a course record of 63. He might well have broken 60, he said. He was playing superbly, though his card the first day had showed only a 70. And he wasn't worried about Sunday. "I don't get tired playing 36 holes yet. I'm still a little tired to get tired doing that," he said pointedly.

Saturday afternoon Palmer flew out of Greensboro to his Latrobe, Pa. home. He arrived there at 4, got dressed in his white tie and tails and departed at 6, accompanied by his wife. It was just a 20 minute hop to Washington. (Casper had flown in earlier, in a chartered Beechcraft.)

For the Palmers it was the second White House dinner in a little over three months, and Winnie Palmer said this time she was much more relaxed. She had even ordered a limousine to meet the plane. (Arnold had his sister and brother-in-law, who live in Washington, drive them to their last White House dinner, and their blue Buick had been the only fam-

ily car on the limousine-lined driveway that evening.) The guests at the gala for the Duke and Duchess were asked for 8 o'clock, and it is every guest's aim to arrive just on the stroke. As the appointed hour approaches, Cadillacs can be seen touring round and round the blocks in the vicinity of the White House. At 8 the procession of limousines—the Palmers' and Caspers' among them—turned down the White House drive to the south entrance. And the celebrities, gowned, polished and perfumed, sat in a traffic jam. Inside a cocktail-party mood prevailed for a few minutes until White House aides began discreetly selecting guests to go to the receiving line. Protocol determines the early order, and a hush falls over the room. "Come on Win, let's get in line," Arnold said. "Let's just wait until someone tells us," she said. "Arnold was anxious to get through the line; he was trying to rush the dinner," Winnie laughed later.

revisited

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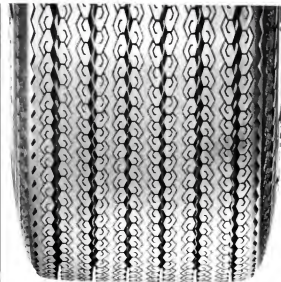
A steak fancier, Palmer should not have rushed, for if the classic menu had a down spot for the athletic appetite it was the main course—pigeon. At the sight of it Winnie's dinner partner, Amory Houghton, the chairman of the board of Corning Glass, declared: "Mrs. Palmer, we must get Arnold something more substantial to eat."

It was one minute past 12 when the Palmers left the White House, 2:30 a.m., by the time they got back to Greensboro and to bed. Four hours later Palmer—*Roglier and Flourder* surely ringing in his head—was up to defend his lead.

It was a dubious task. At about the time Palmer and the Duke began talking in the Blue Room, Gary Player was coming home from a movie—*The Stalking Moon*—and heading straight to bed. He arose in time to meet his playing partners, Aaron and Palmer, on the tee at 7:58 a.m. It is Player's creed that the fit shall prosper, and on Sunday, at least, his belief was fully sustained. He played well enough in the morning, while missing numerous short putts en route to a 73. And then, on the 6th hole of the second round, he suddenly blasted in from a bunker for an eagle 3, and he realized the day was his. Two quick birdies gave him a front nine of 32 and the tournament lead. Another birdie on 11 put him three strokes up on Palmer, who for the first time showed a trace of a limp. By 14 Palmer was noticeably gimpy—his hip simply won't hold up under that much strain—and Player was on his way to a last-round 65, a 271 and a two-stroke win over Miller Barber. Five strokes back were Palmer and Trevino, the one off for Augusta, the other for El Paso.

Player signed his scorecard in the tent at the 18th green—a cemetery tent used for funerals that the Jaycees had borrowed from an undertaker—and then went to meet the press. "I like to take pride in the fact I'm a physical-fitness man," he said. "I could play 72 holes in a day if there was time." He also said his golf was the best he had ever played in America. Player likes to encourage himself with positive thinking, but this time he was not exaggerating. He has never looked more ready for a Masters. Of course, if he happens to win at Augusta there will surely be a phone call for him in the locker room. The man at the other end might even invite him up to the Great White Clubhouse.

END



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A MYSTERY IN PURSUIT OF A LEGEND

Young Marcel Cerdan comes to New York, ready to reveal whether he is anything like the fighter his father was and to revive the memories of a tragic romance that captivated two continents

by MARK KRAM



Weak sunlight comes and goes across the Place de la Concorde in Paris, until there is just the wind and the cold spray of rain. Gomez indicates he does not like the rain and, pointing toward a cafe down the street, insists that he must have a cognac to chase the chill from his poor body. His stride, resembling Groucho Marx, reminds me of the first time I saw Gomez, the night outside a Frankfurt dressing room, when he finally freed himself from the choking hand of a German cop. He was then, he says now, a vagrant journalist, but alas, he sighs, "I am at the moment more vagrant, *maso ami*." It is painful, he says, for one descended from Madrid aristocracy, a revelation that confirms my suspicion that he is really from some rathole in Andalusia.

Gomez is a spare man with hollow cheeks and the color of an old news-

paper, and the slight bend to his body and his bloodhound eyes suggest that he is a tired, very spent vagrant. Ignore his appearance and the possibility that he may not have a franc in his pocket, he says, but do not forget that he is a part of *tout Paris*, "the Paris that matters, the inside people." His credentials established, he unveils his candor, the kind he presumes would not fail to impress an American. Even though he is proud to be a French citizen, honesty compels him to say that much is myth in France: the French, pharaohs of gastronomy, are humblers in the presence of beef; the daily Beaugotais is ulcerous swill; and the principal reason for their bilious disposition, and...

"Fine," I say, "but what about the boy?"

"Yes, my friend," he says, "but first another cognac."

"Do you know much about him?"

"Junior? Who knows much about Junior? Of the father, yes. Of Junior, no one knows. He is a ghost. Have you talked with him?"

"No, the manager has been difficult. He doesn't seem to want anyone near the boy."

"He is Corsican," says Gomez.

"So?"

"That is enough. He is Corsican."

"Junior has fought in Paris. Have you watched him? Has he knocked many people out?"

"Yes, and then again no," he says. "He was present, but I do not know if he was fighting. No one in Paris knows. Yes, he has many knockouts, but he does not have a knockout punch. He is fighting in Lyons on Saturday. You must see him."

"Who is he fighting?"



PRAYING at the grave of Edith Piaf before his most recent fight, Cerdan fulfills a pledge he made after she died. When

he was a teen-ager, he and Piaf (lower) were very close. She had been his father's mistress in his years of triumph.



"Johnny Cooke, an Englishman, a very old Englishman."

"Yes," I say, "I must go, but..."

"Good," says Gomez. "I will work for you. You will need an interpreter. We will take one of our fine French trains, and we will eat well in Lyons. Lyons is not a myth."

"I don't know," I say. "You haven't been worth a damn up to now."

"Who could be, my friend?" asks Gomez, slightly insulted. "He is a mystery, Junior. A mystery that has been guarded very closely. All of France waits for the end of it."

On May 11 in Madison Square Garden, Marcel Cerdan Jr. of France will fight Donato Paduano of Canada. Neither is among the elite of the welterweight division, but it is not an ordinary fight. The Cerdan name is magic

For some Americans, the name evokes the memory of one of the most electrifying figures in the history of boxing. For the French, the name is insoluble. Whether Cerdan Jr. can fight or not is much more than just a matter of mild national curiosity. It is easily the most provocative question in French sport. It is, too, the final sequel in a tale of much irony and of life and shadow.

If, as it has been said, the past forces unfair competition on the present and the past almost always wins, then Cerdan Jr. unless he is a complete embodiment of his father, cannot escape falling victim to a carefully cosseted legend. "France is a hothouse of memories," says a French journalist. "What is the point of trying honorably to be the contemporary of your compatriots if they dismiss all your efforts and prefer the backward glance? At times it

calls for heroism—at least until now it has—to try to live in France in terms of the date shown on the calendar." Time, then, will hack up more than 20 years on May 11, and what the French will see will not be the son but the father—the father beating Tony Zale for the middleweight title, the father and Edith Piaf, the father's life ending on a foggy mountain in the Azores.

The father emerged when France was in desperate need of symbols. The sadness of 1940, the occupation, the stinging reality of Vichy were humiliating. The sense of prowess and pride—Don Juanism, if you will—had vanished. The symbolic Gallic cock, brilliantly plumed and spurred, seemed gray and mangy. Then came Cerdan—handsome, genuinely charming, a veteran of the Free French navy and a boxer who was not counterfeit. He had been born in the French

continued

erign Legion town of Sidi-bell-Abbès and had fought his way out of the dead ends of Casablanca. "Never imagine," Cerdan's father once told him, "that someday you will be other than a boxer. You have no other reason to be. It must be your only aim. You live today to box, and it is by boxing that you will live tomorrow and always." On Sept. 21, 1948, Cerdan knocked out Zale in the 12th round for the title, restoring pride to the French and offering them a brilliant career to admire.

Several months later, exhausted and mumbling, "My title, my title," Cerdan failed to answer the bell in the 10th round while defending against Jake LaMotta. He had torn the elevator muscle in his left shoulder in the first round. A return bout was scheduled for Sept. 28, 1949 but was postponed because of a training injury to LaMotta. The fight was then moved ahead to Dec. 2, and Cerdan left for New York in an Air France plane on Oct. 27. He was, as usual, certain he would regain the title and before leaving had satisfied his superstitious whims. He had consulted a fortune-teller, had young Marcel, who was then 5, spit in his hand and he board-

ed the plane wearing his good-luck blue suit and a watch on each wrist. The plane crashed in the Azores. For hours, crowds of Parisians waited in front of the Air France office on the Champs-Élysées and the show windows of newspapers for information. There was hope—and then Cerdan was identified by the watches he was wearing.

If the French were stunned, singer Edith Piaf was near collapse just before her evening show in the Versailles nightclub in New York. She performed, weeping, before a silent audience, causing others to weep openly. It was no secret that Cerdan, married and with three children, and Piaf, "the pathetic wail of the hack streets," were locked in what was much more than an affair. Tiny, fragile, with hands that reminded Jean Cocteau of "lizards darting over ruins," she was the constant companion of Cerdan. At his death, the French grieved for Piaf, too. To them she was the victim of a tragic love, a story so often told with the sob that was her voice. Piaf, who had a Mass said for Cerdan every day of her remaining years, was never the same after she lost Cerdan, and misfortune, much of it her own doing,

shadowed her days. She died in 1963.

A half sister, Simone Bertrout, tells much about Piaf and Cerdan in a recent book that is heavy with *True Romance* treatise but oddly touching in passages. In one part the book tells of Piaf and Cerdan at Coney Island. "Morning," Piaf says to Miss Bertrout, "we ate hot dogs, waffles and ice cream. I wish that night could have gone on singing, spinning, laughing forever. Marcel took me on the switchback. We shrieked the whole time, and when we got down, hundreds of people began yelling and it never stopped. Then they recognized me and they all began yelling, 'La Vie en Rose! La Vie en Rose!' and I sang. Morning, just like that. Like I used to sing in the streets. It was magnificent." In another place, Miss Bertrout remembers a time when Piaf joined Cerdan while he trained for Zale. Worried over a possible scandal and interference from his manager, they agreed on a plan.

"We took a taxi up to his camp and requested the driver to leave us out in the countryside. A few minutes later Marcel arrived, alone. It must have been difficult for him to get rid of his manager. Marcel then packed us into the trunk of his car and locked us in. In the camp each boxer had his own bungalow. Some distance away Marcel noticed an empty one, and that's where he put us. As no one was expected to live in it, there was nothing there, no hot water or anything. We had to wait until evening to eat, when Marcel would bring us sandwiches he had hidden under his windbreaker. We would eat a good part of them during the night. As a result, next day we would go hungry. We only had water to drink, and each time Edith would take a drink she would say: 'Do you realize how much I love him to drink this stuff?'"

"We lived in the dark or nearly. During the day the blinds were down, and at night we dared not turn on the light. We would go to bed at nightfall, and we could only talk in whispers. It was an impossible way to live. Each evening Marcel would arrive, happy, in a good humor. Once or twice he managed to bring some beer, but more often than not it was milk, which greatly amused Edith. Then he would take Edith in his arms and waltz around with her in the half-dark. And Edith would hum, 'Hérouse de tout, hérouse de rien, Pourvu que tu sois là...'"

BEFORE HIS TRIP TO THE U.S., CERDAN LISTENS TO ADVICE FROM MANAGER FILIPPI



Chicago Cubs' pitcher Phil Regan and outfielder Jim Hickman shown on their new Cub 154 Lo-Boy Tractors

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your Winstons
doing tomorrow?



Nothing visual commemorates Cerdan in Paris. He is buried in the Ben M'Sik Christian Cemetery in Casablanca, not far from the Mers-Sultan quarter in which he was raised. He rests under a black marble slab next to the tombs of two French army generals in a place of honor near the entrance of the graveyard, a spot often gray from the clouds of dust and smoke that emanate from the Derb Jdid slum area. On the grave are some porcelain flowers, a weathered plaster bust of the champion, a crude cement trophy cup, a boxing glove and Cerdan's smiling portrait on a sepia medallion. In the cosmopolitan crucible of Mers-Sultan, few have forgotten Cerdan's funeral. It was the largest for a private citizen Morocco has ever seen. "There were 48 taxis for the flowers alone," recalls one observer.

Cerdan's wife Marinette still owns a cafe in Mers-Sultan, operated by her brother Emile. It is a decrepit, wine-stained, spitty place, ornamented by solemn old men sipping milky anise. It was I mule who first accompanied Marcel Je. to Paris, where he would begin his career. "I was with him on the beach one summer," says Emile. "He seemed to have something on his mind. Like he was thinking about something. 'Marcel,' I said, 'what are you going to do with your life? Are you going to work in the bar the rest of your days?' 'No,' he told me, 'I am going to become a fighter. It is my destiny.' I told him to forget it if he really did not have the desire. I told him that he was not Marcel père. People would shout his name only because he was the son of the father." Emile stares at a ribbon of sunlight, a perfect scar on the dusty floor. Sound, a symphony of klavorns, Wurlitzers, revving motors and police whistles, filters through the cafe, and a river of grotesque shapes flows by the window. "Do you think," says Emile, "he will be champion?"

Emile himself does not seem to think his nephew will succeed, but his eyes betray uncertainty, seem to wonder perpetually of it all, as he says, "has not been written in the stars." He says, "Never was a boy less equipped, physically, to become a fighter." He keeps pulling out old clippings, which seem to have been folded and unfolded a thousand times, to counter his pessimism, and then he says, "How should I know? I have not been with him for a long, long time, since those first days in Paris." The ear-

ly days in Paris, he says, were lonely days for the boy. They arrived in spring and were met by two mammoth North Africans in sunglasses and immediately secluded by the manager Philippe Filippi. Marcel was a sickly kid, shy but talkative, mostly about his father.

"He was a strange boy," says Emile. "Even though I was with him, he seemed so alone. I had to go with him to the toilet in restaurants, and he would never go to the movies without me. Most of the time we just sat, silently, and played checkers, and then we would go to bed. We had to sleep in the same bed."

Cerdan's Paris debut took place in April 1960. Long before he entered the ring, the Salle Wagram cracked with anticipation. The crowd believed that this night would truly mark the renaissance of French boxing. The boy was 16, and all noted the resemblance to his father. Their emotions, of course, had been carefully shaped. He had been the subject of a television show that opened with a camera on the back of a fighter working a heavy bag in the gym. "The an-

nouncer said, 'This young man is'—there was a pause, and then the fighter turned and faced the camera, which came up close: 'is Marcel Cerdan!' Another camera was in Casablanca, focused on the boy's mother.

"I never wanted him to box," said Marinette. "Boring took my husband from me. I will know the same suffering with my son. I never saw my husband fight. I'll never go to see my son, either."

In a hushed tone the announcer said, "Madame Cerdan, Marcel is in Paris watching you. On what you say to him now could depend his entire career. Speak to him. [Here the announcer paused, giving the audience a chance to ponder the drama of it all.] Speak to him from the heart."

"It's cold in Paris, my little one," said Marinette softly. "Be careful. Dress warmly."

The manager, Philippe Filippi, was then asked for a comment. He rubbed his eyes and said, "I am a religious man and I know that the father is up there

continued



ON HIS WAY TO THE TITLE IN 1948, CERDAN SMASHES A RIGHT TO ZALE'S HEAD



Ted Williams says:

"I handed Sears a tough one: come up with a glove that's broken in right."

"Surprisingly, I had a tough enough time making this glove. And I still have about 100,000 miles of leather left."

So I guess there's still a little more to break a glove in right. Okay, maybe.

First, Sears had the glove broken in by a hot training man. I used to deal with heated mitts at Fenway. The glove is it all right, but not really.

Then the glove is padded. I wanted to make sure the padding was a deep pocket worked in.

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Chairman, Sears Sports Activities Staff

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Tomorrow, take your son to the Sears Sports Center in a Sears, Roebuck and Co. store. Or check the Catalog. Look over my Model 1576 glove. It can make a better ball player out of your son. You've got my word on it."

Sears
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where the new ideas are

CERDAN • continued

watching me and that he is happy about what I am doing for his son."

The fight itself was a failure. The boy won shakily and went to his dressing room and fainted. "It has been too much for him," said Filippi. "Two thousand eyes," wrote one reporter, unmoved by it all, "were on the boy, seeking some of his father's traits. They weren't many." Another critic pleaded, "We should give him peace. Let him serve his apprenticeship. For two or three years let's forget his name."

If the French were reluctant to oblige, Filippi certainly was not. Since that night Marcel has fought mainly in small towns—of his 45 fights, only 11 were in Paris. The next to last one, against Pablo Lopez of New York, was a critical disaster. The fight was stopped in the second round, even Marcel was surprised. "Midway through the first," said the *Paris Herald Tribune*, "Cerdan threw a left hook. It started out as if Cerdan were a lost baseman stretching for a ball, then it lingered a while in mid-flight and snapped off of Lopez' head. Lopez was reeling, and the crowd was on its feet in anger. The crowd demanded its money back." The French concluded that the fight was fixed, or that Lopez was doped or perhaps that the real Lopez was still in New York.

"Pablo Lopez of New York," said Filippi, shaking his head, "was supposed to be a good professional."

"Yes," said Charles Michaleis, director of boxing for the Palais des Sports, "and he can't stand up to a puncher like Cerdan. Cerdan will never fight here again, unless you consent to fight who I say you should fight."

"It is in the stars," Filippi said later, commenting on Cerdan's future. "I have had to bring him along slowly, very slowly. He was never an athlete. He was never strong. He is still not strong. He is a technician. His father was not a technician. Cerdan will be champion of the world. He is only 26. Remember, Nino Benvenuti had over 70 fights before he won the title. We are ready now to make our move. America—that is the beginning of the dream."

"Yes," says Michaleis, "the dream begins, and about time. Cerdan cannot go to the provinces to fight anymore. After New York, we will know much more about him. If he wins or loses in good form, Filippi will not be able to protect him anymore."

Says Marmette, who has just opened a new cafe in Toulouse, "Yes, he is, father, that is all he has ever dreamed. He is so much like his father, then his temper. I remember his father often went out with friends and came home early in the morning. From my room I would call out to my sister not to let him in, and Marcel, who heard, would shout, 'Hélène, if you don't open the door I'll break your jaw.' And he would hit the door with tremendous blows. He broke several that way. His children have inherited that trait. When they are mad they take it out on doors. But my husband was, too, such a gentle man. So is my son Marcel. I do not like him to fight, but how do you kill a dream? So, after all these years, I relive the same anguish. Worse, because now it is my little one."

The young Cerdan is ebullient, pleasant and uncomplicated on the surface. He has no interest in politics, books or music. "He has never had time," says Michaleis. "No lighter in Europe has worked as hard as he has in the gym." His only distractions seem to be his wife and baby boy and his wardrobe. He is meticulous and imaginative with his clothes. Physically, he is in sharp contrast to his father. The "animal presence" is missing. His hands are delicate, his legs are frail and his skin, with the exception of a few cuts, is ivory smooth. In conversation, he is bland but earnest—until the subject of his father arises.

"What do you remember about your father?" he is asked.

"The cowboy and Indian clothes he used to bring me back from the States," he says. "And one afternoon, when in the pool. His face. He was holding me in the pool, and I was scared and clutching at his clothes."

"Do you often think of him?"

"He is with me always," he says. "My one goal is to bring his remains to Paris so I can be near him. I have all his things. His water bottle. His trunks with the blood on them from Zale. The watch he was wearing when he died. It does not work anymore. I lost it last month, and I put an advertisement in all the papers. I later found it in the apartment."

"Were you close to Edith Piaf?"

"I loved her. I lived with her for three years not long after I came to Paris. I called her Aunt Zuzi. I remember when I would get up at 7 o'clock, to do read-

Continued



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work, she would be just coming in, and she would fix my breakfast. She was so sad, and when I would run in the morning, the sun just coming up, I would think often of her sadness and a chill would creep up my back. Just before she died she gave me a medal of Ste. Thérèse and said, "Wear it always, my son." I have it sewn in my trunks. It is also necessary for me to hear a song by her before every fight. I do not cheat. It must happen by accident. Once, on the way to a fight, I panicked. I had not heard a song. And then, while stopping at a toll booth, there it was, her voice. I must hear that voice and visit her grave before every fight."

On the morning before he was to leave for his fight in Lyons, Cerdan visited the Cimetière du Père-Lachaise in Paris. It was early, the night just reaching for light and it was damp and cold. He came with flowers and walked briskly up the winding cobblestone path, past the graves of Molière, Balzac, Chopin and Colette, and finally stopped at a grave on a small hill. It was Paf's grave. He said a brief prayer and then kissed the picture of Paf on a medallion, which is close to an inscription that reads, *Toujours avec toi*. Walking out of the cemetery, he was quiet for a long time and then he turned and asked:

"Will they love me in New York?"

"In what way?"

"The way my father was loved," he said.

The next day I waited for Gomez in a cafe and thought of the story. Film, blurred and eerie, sped through my mind: Paf humming while she waltzed with the father in the dark of a Catskill hangar; the boy and the battered Paf, she so close to death, talking softly in the morning light of her apartment; and finally the boy, walking at dawn in a graveyard, so entombed in the past. Then, like an apparition, there was Gomez, his gold tooth decorating a smile.

"Well," he said, "we are off to Lyons today. Oh, my friend you have not seen such food as is there."

"No, we're not going to Lyons," I said.

"What?" shouted Gomez. "You must see him fight. You must know whether he can fight or not."

"No," I said, "I don't want to know if he can fight or not. His mystery will end soon enough."

END

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Baseball has never had more administrative headaches, but now attention can begin to focus on the action, on fiery Ted Williams, on stars like the Mets' Koonsman and Seaver

It's been a real rotten spring, baseball fans, hasn't it? Maybe the worst one ever. There was all that nonsense about Seattle and Milwaukee, the Denny McLain affair, Curt Flood's challenge of the reserve clause, who St. Louis was going to give Philadelphia for Flood, the possibility of a players' strike and the introduction of that 5-X ball, which ran scores so high that you probably didn't know whether you were reading about exhibition games or early-round results from the Azalea Open. Players who should be paid off in green stamps

the Red Sox shorten the gap that existed between themselves and Baltimore? Kuhn is probably right. O.K. Let's all agree that the sideshow is over, the big tent is finally up and the real circus is ready to begin.

The Mets are, indeed, defending the world championship, and Wes Parker of the Dodgers, among others, has given the matter some thought. "The fact that the Mets won," he says, "is still something that players all kind of think about. It was a great thing for baseball. But I hope that the Mets never get so good or

Allen is bringing his bat and reputation to St. Louis, and Joe Pepitone will be playing under Roy Hofheinz' giant harddryer in the Astrodome, though with Don Wilson now on the disabled list the view from the Dome is not as bright as it was earlier in the spring. Ted Kluszewski, outfitted in a size-50 blouse and a pair of knickerbockers with a 48-inch waist, is back in Cincinnati as first-base coach for the Reds, and Walter Alston has yet another group of promising young Dodgers under his wing.

The San Francisco Giants have returned from a tour of Japan, wagging a record of 3-6 behind them, thus proving that they can finish second on any given continent. The Seattle Pilots finally made port in Milwaukee, towing a cargo of \$82.5 million in lawsuits, and the people who once thrilled to Spahn, Burdette, Aaron and Mathews are now going to try on Brabender, Patten, Hovley and Harper. Although the Pilots have become the Brewers they will continue to wear those nautical Pilot caps with the scrambled eggs all over them. When things were good in Milwaukee the Braves drew more than two million spectators four years running. In Seattle's first (and only) season the team was able to draw only 678,000, and that was under the American League's very liberal method of figuring attendance by which any fan who casts a shadow counts twice.

The mound is still down and the strike zone has not been changed from last year. Spacious new stadiums will open in three National League cities—Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Cincinnati—which may widen further the attendance gap between the two leagues, the difference was already three million last season. In Montreal a pollster has discovered that one of every 10 residents has a red, white, and blue Expos cap (without propeller) and that the coming of major league baseball has meant \$25 million to the econ-

continued

a tumultuous spring but a fine season ahead

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

were holding out for \$70,000. And it seemed as though every time anyone saw Bowie Kuhn during spring training the baseball commissioner was stepping out of a phone booth wrapped in a Gladstone cape, ready to make a statement on one or another of the headaches harassing his sport.

At one point the commissioner said that the game he rules was merely suffering from "winter and early-spring indigestion," but he did put his finger on something that, it must be hoped, will finally dominate his reign. "The fans," he said, "are more interested in what is going to happen on the diamond. They are wondering about the Mets, the surprise team of 1969. Can they repeat that performance? Can clubs like the Tigers and

so sophisticated that they would trade Ron Swoboda. He's my favorite Met of all time." The White Sox, contrary to many dire predictions, have not dried up and blown away. They are still there in Comiskey Park, even though they drew only 375,000 to that big stadium in 1969, and they hope to wrestle some of Chicago away from the Cubs this year. The optimistic Christmas card said, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful!" Genial Ted Williams, Manager of the Year in 1969 with his surprising Washington Senators, will try to be just as genial—and successful—this year.

Once again there is a new manager for the Oakland Athletics and although his name is McNamara we all know, don't we, that Charlie Finley is still the leader of that band. Richie

omy of the city. In San Diego, at the other end of the expansion axis, things were not very good at all—the Padres drew only 512,970. What was that Seattle total again?

The newest thing under the sun this season is fake grass, which by July will be underfoot in the three new National League stadiums, St. Louis and San Francisco, as well as in Houston. The only American League field so endowed is Comiskey Park, where the artificial surface was installed last year, and last year the White Sox batting average jumped 19 points because a) the Sox developed some good young hitters and b) the ersatz surface helped hard-hit balls elude the fielders. Some players say the artificial turf hurts their legs. In Houston the pitchers are trucked out of the Astrodome to do their running in a nearby park, and in Philadelphia Don Seger, the trainer, has stocked 300 sponges that he intends to cut up and insert in the shoes of Phillie players to relieve some of the leg strain.

The most bizarre new surface will be on exhibit during the All-Star Game July 14 in Cincinnati. The Reds' new grass-green and dirt-brown rug covers almost the entire field, including the base paths. This is sure to bring loud growls from infielders complaining that they have no dirt to get "set" on before fielding ground balls. This year's All-Star teams will be selected by the fans for the first time in 13 years, or since Cincinnati stuffed the ballot boxes in 1957 and voted seven Reds onto the National League's starting lineup (including Gus Bell and Wally Post over Willie Mays and Henry Aaron). Commencing on May 30, fans can vote for the players they want at each position, with the exception of pitchers (and why not the starting pitcher, too?). Vote carefully, American League fans, because this year's game is big. The National League has won seven straight and 11 of 12, and it is doubtful that Denny McLain, suspended until July 1 for his relationship with bookmakers, will be ready in time to miss starting this year's game, too.

The most interesting of the many managerial shifts, and one to watch closely early in the season, is in the

Twin Cities of Minneapolis-St. Paul, where Bill Rigney has replaced Billy Martin. Owner Calvin Griffith fired Martin last fall after the Twins had won the American League West by nine games and then lost to the Baltimore Orioles in the pennant playoff in three straight. Griffith plainly did not like the answers he got when he investigated Martin's slugging of 20-game-winner Dave Boswell outside a Detroit bar last August, and Calvin further complained that Martin did not follow orders. The firing of Martin was a spectacularly controversial issue in a fine baseball community. At one point The Minneapolis Star made a survey and found that 2% approved of Martin's firing, 72% disliked it and 26% were undecided. Before Griffith signed Rigney, caustic Martin fans were recommending all sorts of people for the job, including Sparky the Seal at the Como Zoo. "Sparky," said his sponsor, Norman Visner, "is well-trained and works for fish." A Minneapolis group called "The Basted Turkey" sang The Ballad of Billy Ball-yard, the second stanza of which went,

*Oh, where did you fail, Billy Boy,
Billy Boy?*

Oh, where did you fail your Uncle Calvin?

You were a whiz over on the sidelines

But you ignored Uncle Calvin's guidelines

You're a brash thing who now must leave for another.

Things quieted down during the winter, but when the Twins lost 14 of their first 15 games in spring training the situation grew sticky again, and if Minnesota fails to get off to a good start it will get worse. Forgotten will be the fact that Martin himself got off to a four-game losing streak last season and that the Twins were in last place in the middle of April.

But despite all the turmoil the promise of this season is fresh and green. Some of the game's most revered stars are closing in on extraordinary career achievements. Billy Williams of the Cubs needs only 18 appearances to extend his National League consecutive-game streak to 1,000. Sometimes late in May or early

in June, Hoyt Wilhelm of the Atlanta Braves will come out of the bullpen to appear in his 1,000th game as a pitcher. Born in 1923, the same year that old-age-pension laws were enacted in Montana and Nevada, Wilhelm fought in World War II (he still carries his head slightly tilted to one side from an injury incurred during the Battle of the Bulge) and last year, at 45, helped lift the Braves to the National League West championship. Wilhelm hit a home run his first time up in the big leagues and hasn't hit one since, through 18 seasons.

Two of baseball's most popular performers, Henry Aaron and Willie Mays, are also approaching a very special plateau. Aaron needs 44 hits to reach 3,000. Mays needs 74. Henry should reach his milestone sometime in May and Willie, who doesn't play as often nowadays, in midsummer. More than 10,000 men have played major league baseball and only eight have made 3,000 hits. They were such exceptional players that they are readily identified by only their last names: Cobb, Musial, Speaker, Wagner, Collins, Lajoie, Waner, Anson. Add Aaron. Add Mays.

The Kansas City Royals, winningest of the four expansion teams last year, have a forceful new manager in Charlie Metro, who brings along a stormy past and a 14-year-old Willie Mays-model glove which he uses as a security blanket. Charlie has this thing about his old glove and he takes it with him wherever he goes. He puts it on the bench and sits on it because he considers it "the greatest psychological tension reliever ever invented." If someone sits on Charlie's glove, Charlie sits on his. When the trainer of one of Charlie's teams sat on the glove, Charlie sat on the trainer's supply box. Charlie lost his glove once, but several days later found it in the outfield. "Grass was growing through the fingers," he says, "but what a relief it was to get it back." Metro has more than the glove going for him. He is one of those highly respected baseball men who seem to spend their careers just offstage. In the spring of 1967, when he was a scout for the Reds, Metro picked the 100-to-1 shot Red Sox to win the American League pennant.

He played at places like Pennington Gap and Palestine and managed in Busbee, but in 14 of the first 15 seasons he managed in the bushes his teams finished in the first division. In 1962 Metro was one of the battalion of coaches who served Phil Wrigley and the Chicago Cubs in that silly "rotating-manager" system, and he ended up handling the Cubs for nearly two-thirds of the season. He should have fun with the Royals' ripening young team.

If 1970 were just a normal baseball year fans would be wondering whether Pete Rose can gain a third straight batting title, whether Harmon Killebrew, Frank Howard, Willie McCovey or Reggie Jackson might hit 60 home runs, whether Bob Gibson will become the first pitcher in the illustrious history of the Cardinals to have five 20-win seasons. In a normal season fans would concern themselves with trying to figure out just how good 24-year-old Bobby Bonds of the Giants might become, after a crazy season in which he cracked 32 homers, tied for the league lead in runs scored with 120, stole 45 bases in 49 attempts and also established a major league record with 186 strikeouts. But this is not a normal year; there are the Mets to think of.

Until last year, baseball's observers looked upon the Mets as a comic enterprise, an amusing experiment in futility. After the New York World's Fair of 1964-65 closed the Mets were supposed to tail off in attendance. When that did not happen, it was predicted that the Mets would stop drawing crowds when they moved from spectacular ineptitude to mundane mediocrity. But the Mets never allowed the second thing to happen. They bypassed mediocrity, rocketing from ninth place one year to the championship of the entire blinking universe the next and, of course, the critics said, "They saved baseball." Just as they said Carl Yastrzemski had saved it in 1967 and Mickey Lolich had saved it again in 1968.

Still, the question rings: How real are the Mets? Was 1969 a happy aberration, a glorious fluke? Or are the Mets valid, a championship team that can stand on the top rung as confidently as a World Series victor

should? Casey Stengel, the original Pied Piper of Metsville, summed it up best even before the Mets beat the Orioles in the World Series. "The people," said Casey, "are getting to know their names." When a team has a hitter like Cleon Jones, who batted .340, a breath-taking centerfielder like Tommy Agee, a superb shortstop like Bud Harrelson and a farm system brimming over with talent, it is obvious that it will not easily slide down to the mediocrity it avoided on the way up.

Beyond all this the Mets are built on the firmest of all winning foundations—pitching. In the last two seasons Met pitchers worked 151 games in which they gave up two runs or less. At one point the youthful Met pitchers went through 221 innings without giving up a home run, and the National League has quite a few men who make their living hitting home runs off young pitchers. That is pitching excellence, pitching consistency, pitching depth.

Casual followers of baseball think the Mets' pitching consists of Tom Seaver and a lot of other fellows. Seaver is a gifted athlete and a determined competitor who deserves all the accolades he has received. But his sun tends to dim the brilliance of his left-handed partner, Jerry Koosman (see cover). In two seasons in the majors, Koosman has won 36 games (Seaver won 32 his first two seasons) and pitched 13 shutouts. In the World Series—the film of which Baltimore superscout Frank Lane says should be rated X—Koosman beat the Orioles twice. He held them hitless through six innings in his first victory and gave up only one hit after the third inning in his second, the final game of the Series. Koosman is a pleasant-looking country boy from Minnesota with a sense of humor reminiscent of comedian Herb Shriner's. "When I was 16," he says, "I made myself a goal to pitch a no-hitter in the World Series and get a hit every time at bat. I knew I was going to make it to pro ball and I wanted to have a difficult goal so it wouldn't come too easy."

He almost got his World Series no-hitter, but his batting was something else (though his .143 Series av-

erage was a good deal higher than his regular season .048). This spring he went to St. Petersburg with the idea in mind of improving his hitting. He may come around. Koosman tends to develop his talents rather than suddenly appear fully armed. The Mets originally offered him only \$1,600 to sign with them and, of course, he refused. "They kept coming back," he says, "and every time they did they dropped the offer down a hundred dollars. I finally signed for \$1,200 because the way things were going it looked like I would wind up owing them money." The skill and the big money came along later.

Jerry Koosman's best pieces of equipment as a pitcher are a fine fastball and an excellent curve. He also is a fast worker, the same as Seaver, because he feels that when a pitcher takes too long on the mound the fielders behind him start to lose their concentration. Much of Koosman's charm lies in his method of handling life—his sudden climb to success is tempered by his humor and his basic, grass-roots values. Although he has soared quickly into the high tax brackets—his 1970 salary is around \$50,000—he still prefers to live in a small town in Minnesota among the friends he grew up with. After the Mets' riotous victory celebration in the Diamond Club at Shea Stadium last year, Koosman took the elevator down and walked out onto the field to get some of the hallowed sod to take back to his friends. This winter, after signing his contract, he explained how he felt about life. "I'm from the farm and we never had much money. I worked for a dollar an hour. But even when I didn't have money I was happy. How much money do you need to be happy anyway? I've got a fishing pole and a job and a family. I'm home."

And so the great six-month circus begins anew with Koosman and Seaver and the Mets leading the parade. There will be noise and laughter, nostalgia and fights, and some delightful nonsense before the next World Series spins around. The players and the nature of the game itself will make the fans forget the strife and turmoil and the sins of the dark spring. They always do.

CONTINUED

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

now
the ones to
watch
are the Mets

The contagion that is the New York Mets continues to spread. Throughout Florida this spring, where the Mets replaced the sun as a tourist attraction, the dramatic impact of their five-month-old World Series victory over a fine Baltimore team was still as fresh and satisfying as the orange juice. Now, with a new season ready to begin, following a year in which the Mets drew a major league high of 2,175,373 in home attendance, almost anything is possible. If the club gets off to a good start it could approach, or surpass, the major league attendance record of 2,755,184 set at Dodger Stadium in 1962.

For those who still like to believe that the Mets accomplished their championship with voodoo, fine. But it should be remembered that the Mets won 100 games while winning their division, and few bad clubs have been known to get lucky 100 times in a season. A theory exists that the Mets will emulate the famous Philadelphia Whiz Kids of 1950, who won a pennant and the next year toppled into fifth place. As we now know, anything is possible—but some things are less possible than others, and a Met collapse is in that category. The Mets can run, field and bunt, and when these factors are combined with a very deep and strong pitching staff their chances of repeating must be considered good, even if not overwhelming. By trading for Joe Foy to fill their perennial trouble spot at third base, the Mets have picked up a player who can drive in runs (71 with Kansas City last year), although there are days when Foy does not exactly resemble Brooks Robinson in the field. New York hopes to get the same sort of performance out of Leftfielder Cleon Jones and Centerfielder Tommie Agee that each produced in 1969. Jones, injured late in the year, hit .340 and scored 82 runs while driving in 75. Agee, a versatile leadoff man, hit 26 homers, had 76 RBIs and scored 97 times while batting .271. Another important man will be Second Baseman Ken Boswell, an aggressive hitter, who batted .407 down the stretch from Aug. 23 on. New York's catching is good, with Jerry Grote and Duffy Dyer, and Bud Harrelson is an excellent shortstop, one of the best in baseball. Ron Swoboda-Art Shemsky in right field and Donn Clendenon-Ed Kranepool at first base will be platooned most of the time. The Mets sneaked up on a lot of people who weren't looking, now they will be in the spotlight. Still, the pressure should be bearable. Most Met fans, thankful for last season, will forgive their team almost anything this time around, which could be a big psychological advantage for a team whose pitching should prevent any prolonged losing streaks.

There will be very little forgiving in St. Louis, however. Following back-to-back pennants, the Cardinals now face a desperate challenge. When Manager Red Schoendienst was asked if there were any long-shot players who might make what once had been a set

—robert m. lester

Agee beats the throw into second (top). Harrelson gets set to bunt—the little things that the Mets turn into big wins



NL EAST continued

and established team, he succinctly replied, "On this club everybody is a long shot." Even so, St. Louis is a team that should generate enough pitching and hitting to keep itself in contention all the way, though there will be days when it will look awful—mostly because of poor defense and a questionable bullpen. As Joe Torre said recently about the controversial Cards, "No matter what has happened here this spring I know we can win this thing." But there have been a tremendous number of trades and shifts in positions, and the Cardinals took a cruel blow when Third Baseman Mike Shannon was struck with a kidney ailment (nephritis) that might cause him to miss the entire season. The loss of Shannon hurt—at a time when the club still had to find someone to send to Philadelphia in compensation for Curt Flood—but with Torre, Lou Brock, Julian Javier, Carl Telford, Jose Cardenal and Richie Allen in the lineup, St. Louis should hit more effectively than in 1989. It could not do much worse; only the Expos and the Padres, the expansion teams, scored fewer runs. And in May, 20-year-old Ted Simmons, a switch-hitting catcher who produced 205 RBIs in his two full

seasons in the minors, returns from the service. Defensively, the Cardinals are strongest at short and second with Del Maxvill and Javier, and the pitchers had the best earned run average in the National League in 1989 (2.94). The three top starters—Bob Gibson, Steve Carlton and Nelson Briles—won 52 games. Mike Torrez (10-4) won his last nine games and Chuck Telford, the fifth starter, was 7-5. For relief, the Cardinals are counting on Sel Campisi, who had a combined 36-8 record in the minor leagues the last three years; Taylor, who will work out of the bullpen, too; and George Culver, who can also spot-start. St. Louis looks like a team capable of finishing either first or fifth but not in between.

It was the end of the road that got Chicago's Cubs in serious trouble last year, and the cantankerous Leo Durocher is on a very hot seat. At one point in the middle of August the Cubbies were $8\frac{1}{2}$ games ahead of the Mets, yet Chicago finished up eight games behind. Durocher contends that his team got tired, a valid but certainly not original conclusion, and that now he is planning to give his regulars a



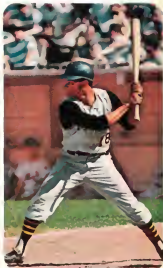
Joe Torre sets for action—as first baseman, catcher or third baseman—and hopes for a Cardinal comeback.



rest from time to time. His regulars are very good, but even with three of them—Ernie Banks, 39 this year, Ron Santo and Billy Williams—combining for 324 RBIs Chicago did not win, and the question remains: Can they repeat those outstanding years? John Callison, a good rightfielder picked up from Philadelphia, knocked in more than 100 runs for the Phillies back in 1964 and 1965, and he has always hit well in Wrigley Field. Center field is still a problem, seven men were tried there in spring training. Glenn Beckert (.291) and Don Kessinger (.273) are excellent at second and short, and the catching is in the strong hands of Randy Hundley. Bill Hands (20-14), Ferguson Jenkins (21-15) and Ken Holtzman (17-13) are impressive starters, but the Cubs need at least one more. Chicago's bullpen twins, Ted Abernathy and Phil Regan, who were so effective early in 1969, were part of the late collapse. If the Cubs can shuck off the gloom left over from their disaster, they could make another solid run for the pennant. They may do it. After all, the season will be six weeks old before they have to go to Shea Stadium to face the Mets.

A favorite dark horse is Pittsburgh, which finished third ahead of the Cards last year. The Pirate hitters continue to be excellent—they outhit even powerful Cincinnati, 2767 to 2765—and there is depth, too: the pinch hitters batted .317. On May 29 the Pirates leave ancient Forbes Field for new Three Rivers Stadium, and that should give Willie Stargell a chance to have a decent home-run year; Forbes Field is a difficult place for a left-handed hitter like Stargell. That Roberto Clemente is hepped up about this year's club is another very good sign. Roberto has won four batting championships and three of them come under Denny Murtaugh, who returns as manager. Clemente missed his fifth title last year by only three points (.345 to Pete Rose's .348), and the Pirates also have Matty Alou (.331), Rich Hebner, the rookie third baseman (.301), and Stargell (.307). However, the bullpen is questionable and, unhappily, so are the starting pitchers. The big men—Bob Veale, Bob Moose and Steve Blass—combined for only 43 wins, not enough for a club with designs on a pennant. Still, the Pirates improved late in the season, and a lot of people like

continued



Whatever else may happen in Pittsburgh, little Matty Alou will spray hits all over and rank with top batters

Cub fans will be smiling again if Banks (14), Santo (10) and Williams (26) can sustain slugging for whole season

NL EAST *continued*

them. Now it is a question of how much the Pirates, a confused team of late, really like themselves.

At the other end of Pennsylvania the fans are being asked to get ready for the era of the thoroughly modern Phillies. Philadelphia, too, is getting a new ball park, Veterans Stadium, which hopefully will be ready in July, though the modern ball park won't be the only new thing in Philadelphia. Rich Allen has departed, with his muttonchops and big bat, and Curt Flood, in a law court instead of center field, has not arrived. New uniforms will be worn by the players, and usherettes, called Fillies, will work the stands in white miniskirts and Orlon turtle-neck pullovers. And a new manager has been brought in. Frank Lucchesi, who was given a two-year contract with the Phils after 19 years in the minors, has made a sharp impression since his appointment to the post just before the end of the 1969 season. "I didn't ask for the job," Lucchesi says. "I had been in the Philadelphia organization for 14 years, and they knew where to reach me. Now there is this thing about my name. You've got your Earl Weavers and your Sparky Andersons and your John McNamaras, and guys can pronounce their names. Me, they know from nothin'. They call me 'Lou-cheesy' and 'Lou-chessy' and even 'Luck-a-see.' I've got to be the top nobody in the big leagues." The name is pronounced "Lou-casey," and if the attitude the new manager seemed to develop on his club this spring is sustained, the Phillies could be the most improved team in the division. Jim Bunning and Chris Short, both trying to make comebacks as effective starting pitchers, join Rick Wise (15-13), Woody Fryman (12-15) and Grant Jackson (14-18). There is a young double-play combination in Larry Bowa, 24, at shortstop and Denny Doyle, 26, at second. Don Money moves from short to third, and Deron Johnson will be the first baseman. Aggressive Tim McCarver is Philadelphia's new catcher, and Joe Hoerner, another ex-Cardinal, will help in the bullpen. In the scrambled outfield Larry Hale, still only 22, might be ready to burst into stardom. It should be noted that the Phillie farm teams were among the best in baseball last year.

In Montreal, Rusty Staub is Le Grande Orange, and the Expos have done fine in their charming city despite all kinds of dire predictions about the weather. Montreal drew 1,212,608 fans in its first year, a figure that could improve, even though Jarry Park's capacity is only 28,456. As for Staub, he hit 29 homers—something he was never able to do in the Houston Astrodome—batted 300 and was walked 110 times. The Expos lost 110 games—including an interminable 20-game losing streak—but they should be a better team this year. The hitting is good at times, the fielding bad a lot of the time and the pitching totally questionable. But the Expos are the sort of team that can add a little spice to what shapes up as a lively divisional race.

To make their second season a success, the Expos need another solid job from Rusty Staub—and a lot more pitching



doing the Houston pennant bounce

Modern technology is rapidly taking over the prerogatives of the groundkeepers in the National League. Ever since baseball moved out of the cow pastures, stadium crews have curried playing fields purposefully, closely mowing the grass near home plate to take the bunt away from the opponent's swift leadoff man or leaving the turf high through the middle of the infield to compensate for the reduced range of the home team's aging second baseman. But by the end of this season ground crews in five of the league's cities may find themselves standing helplessly aside as new, ungardenable playing surfaces do nothing more for the home teams than help them lose to the Houston Astros. The new artificial infields, or "rugs," as the players call them, in San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Cincinnati could give the Astros enough extra wins to take the Western Division championship. The race in the West last season was much the closest in baseball's four divisions. On Sept. 10 the Braves, Giants, Reds, Dodgers and Astros were bunched within two games. If it turns out to be that close again, the race could be decided on the basis of a few opportune bounces, and no team is better at making the artificial hops go its way than Houston. In the four years that the Astros have played on their rug in the Astrodome they have had a 185-139 record at home, on the road they were 106 games under .500. In 1969 Houston was a glittering 52-29 under the Dome and a woeful 29-52 out of it. Obviously, the Astros need nothing more urgently than a few added victories away from home, and this year they should get them. While other teams are learning to field the high, hard bounces that grounders take on the artificial turf, the Astros can play on the road just as if they never left home. On a staff that set a major league record for strikeouts last year, only Denny Lamaster, among the starters, is more than 25 years old. Twenty-game-winner Larry Dierker, who begins his sixth big league season at 23, and 25-year-old Don Wilson, who had 16 wins and is one of the youngest pitchers ever to have two no-hitters, won only six fewer victories than the Mets' older and more famous combination of Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman. The Astro hitting should improve with the addition of Joe Pepitone, who had 27 home runs for the Yankees despite a spate of unauthorized absences. Pepitone, an excellent first baseman, may play left field for Houston to make room for 6'4", 225-pound rookie John Mayberry. Mayberry hit .303 with 21 homers in Triple A, and he and Pepitone should take some pressure off Jim Wynn, the powerful little outfielder whose 33 home runs accounted for almost a third of the team's total.

In Los Angeles this spring, two outfielders, Bill Russell and Manny Mota, a fading young veteran, Jim LeFebvre, and a rookie, Steve Garvey, were all trying to win the third-base job that seemed destined to belong to Bill Sudakis for many springs to come. Manager Walter Alston, who is in his 17th season with the Dodgers, felt Sudakis did not field as well as he should and has been trying to convert the third baseman into a catcher. The

continued



Atlanta will be a pennant contender as long as that marvelous snap remains in the wrists of old man Henry Aaron.



Why is this man laughing? Maybe because Tom Seaver feels his Dodgers have enough talent to shoot for the top.

Cincinnati's Rose, the first singles hitter to earn \$100,000, will seek third straight batting title in new stadium.

NL WEST continued

look of old times is evident at other positions, where only one member of last season's heavily publicized Mod Squad is likely to start. He is Second Baseman Ted Sizemore, Rookie of the Year, and he is destined to be there for many years to come. Meury Willis, who returned to Los Angeles after a 2½-year exile in Pittsburgh and Montreal, is 37, but he stole 40 bases, hit 297 after joining the Dodgers in June and, according to Alston, "is playing better shortstop than when he was

with us before." First Baseman Wes Parker, now 30, and Centerfielder Willie Davis, who will turn 30 in two weeks, are both coming off their best seasons. Rookie Bill Buckner seems set in left field. As for pitching, the search for a replacement for Don Drysdale continues. The Dodgers, with two 20-game winners, Claude Osteen and Bill Singer, and 17-game winner Don Sutton do not need another Drysdale to have one of the league's best starting staffs, but it could turn out to be discouraging if Big D's spot in the rotation has to be filled by either Joe Moeller or Alan Foster, who are 21-34 with Los Angeles.

continued

Giants' McCovey is an awesome sight—whether he's stretching for a throw or hammering one toward San Francisco Bay.



Retirement, specifically Henry Aaron's, was the talk of the Atlanta camp a year ago, but this spring, with the Braves fresh from a division championship, quitting could not have been farther from Aaron's mind. He signed a two-year \$250,000 contract over the winter and, with those numbers settled, his favorite figure now is 44. Aaron wears uniform 44, he has hit 44 home runs in four different seasons, including last year, he needs 44 hits to become the ninth player in history to make 3,000 hits and he figures he needs 44 homers a year for the next two seasons to put him in position to catch "him." "Him" is Babe Ruth, and Aaron, who has hit 554 home runs, is openly talking about breaking Ruth's record of 714. "If I hit 44 homers this season and again the next year, I'll be in good position," he says. The suspense of watching Aaron's challenge may have to do for Atlanta fans because a weird spring-training accident cost the team 18-game winner Ron Reed until probably July. Without Reed, who broke his collarbone tripping over first base during a fielding drill, the Braves are left with only one proven starter, Phil Niekro, who won 23 games in 1989. Jim Nash, George Stone and Pat Jarvis, none of whom won more than 13 games last year, will try to cover for Reed. At other positions the Braves are aging but impressively strong. Relievers Cecil Upshaw and 46-year-old Hoyt Wilhelm had ERAs under 3.00. The outfield of Aaron, Tony Gonzalez and Rico Carty averaged .304, with 72 homers. Rookie Catcher Bob Didier did an excellent job of sparring with Niekro's and Wilhelm's knucklers and hit .256, 50 points higher than he had batted in the minors.

When San Francisco Manager Glyde King is asked what he plans to do differently this year, he snaps, "Win the division." San Francisco has finished second five years in a row, and the Giants are tired of implications that they have the stuffings of which runners-up are made and nothing more. They are not likely to finish second again, but the shift, despite King's optimism, is more apt to be down than up. Willie Mays, who will be 39 next month, is coming off his least productive season, hitting fewer home runs (13) and driving in fewer runs (58) than ever before, and it is the Giants' other Willie—McCovey—who frightens opposing pitchers these days. Last year, while bothered by a number of small, painful injuries that still annoyed him this spring, McCovey won the home run and RBI championships for the second successive time and was the league's Most Valuable Player. Mays' heir in center field, Bobby Bonds, who plays right field when Willie is in the lineup, set a major league record by striking out 187 times, yet had 32 homers and 90 RBIs. Bonds worked hard and successfully during spring training to cut down on his strikeouts, but both Bonds and his manager were hush-hush about what he was doing differently. "That's CIA information," said King. The San Francisco pitching staff is built around Juan Marichal, who had his sixth 20-win season and a 2.10 ERA, and 19-game winner Gaylord Perry. Mike McCormick, 11-8, and three younger pitch-

ers who have a total of eight big league victories among them, fill out the starting rotation.

Pitching is the problem in Cincinnati, whose starters completed only 23 games. That provided plenty of work for Relievers Wayne Granger (90 appearances) and Clay Carroll (71 appearances), who won 21 and saved 31. The Reds averaged 18 points higher and hit 30 more home runs than the Braves but finished in third place, which only demonstrated once again that hitting alone is not enough to win championships. The Reds' new manager, Sparky Anderson, at 36 the youngest in the majors, took over a club that is basically the same good hit-bad pitch as last year's. Two fresh pitchers have been added, ex-Angel Jim McGlothlin and ex-Card Ray Washburn, but each won only about half as many as he lost last season. Two new left-handed hitters should fit right in with the impressive lineup of Pete Rose, Bobby Tolan, Tony Perez, Lee May and Johnny Bench. Bernie Carbo batted .359 with 21 home runs in Indianapolis and will start in left field. If he fails, the Reds can replace him with Angel Bravo, a spray hitter who averaged .342 at Tucson. Anderson, who hopes to push his team into first place by the time Cincinnati's new riverfront stadium opens on June 30, says he does not believe in managing by the book. To prove it, he has shifted batting champ Pete Rose from leadoff to the third spot and has put Tolan up first. Anderson figures Tolan can use his extraordinary bunting ability better at leadoff and that Rose, who drove in 82 runs (he had 16 homers) while batting .348, should have more than 100 RBIs in his new spot. Anderson, a self-effacing sort, has admitted the plan might not work. "If it doesn't I'll junk it right away," he says.

San Diego Manager Preston Gomez has thrown out any ideas of getting involved in the race for the championship. "We hope to win close to 70 games this year," he says of the Padres, who won 52 last season. "It takes time to build a team." It may take longer than the team can afford, if it hopes to stay in San Diego. The Padres, not the troubled Seawaukee Pilots, were the least successful expansion team. They drew only 512,970 customers, even though their stadium is one of the finest in the country and weather is no problem. On the field, things were not any better. The batters, despite good seasons from First Baseman Nate Colbert, who hit 24 home runs, and Outfielder Ollie Brown, who had 20, had an average 15 points lower than the next lowest National League team. The pitchers allowed more than four runs a game and completed only 16 starts. Of course, the Padres now have Pat Dobson, who may move in as the ace of the staff. He was all of 5-10 at Detroit. The standard line from the San Diego front office is that the city is growing and soon will have enough fans to support a big league team in the manner to which it must become accustomed. By that time, there might not be a blade of real grass left on anyone's infield, and everyone will have learned, as the Astros already have, how to turn a rug into a magic carpet.

CONTINUED

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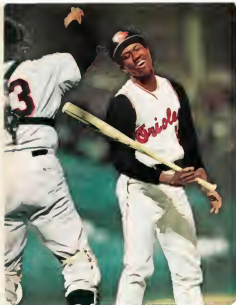
and once again the superlative Orioles

The Baltimore Orioles won more games than any other team in the American League during the 1960s, and they are expected to win more games than anybody else this year. But after the Orioles lost to the Mets in the World Series the other clubs in the AL East, particularly the potent Boston Red Sox, began to feel that maybe they could take Baltimore, too. They remember that the Dodgers fell to eighth place in 1967 after losing four straight in the World Series the autumn before and that after the Cardinals blew the 1968 Series to the Detroit Tigers they sagged to fourth in a six-team division. So the dream is there. On the other hand, Baltimore finished first by a vast 19 games—its closest pursuer then, Detroit, is a shaken team now—and Boston, potent or not, lost just as many ball games as it won from July 1 to the end of the season.

Baltimore plays a set lineup that is beautiful both offensively and defensively. Six of the Oriole regulars hit home runs in double figures, and five of the six had more than 60 runs batted in. Paul Blair, the center-fielder, hit 265 after a late slump cost him the .300 average he had sustained for most of the year. Don Buford, the leftfielder, is the best leadoff man in Oriole history, over one span he managed to get on base in 52 of 53 games. Frank Robinson, the rightfielder, will be 35 in August, but he is certainly capable of another .300, 32-homer, 100-RBI year. Brooks Robinson, the third baseman, had his worst season (.234) but still drove in 84 runs and had 23 homers. As always, Brooks is a realist. "We put everything together right off the bat last year," he says. "We really played well in Florida and then got even better when the season began. We aren't that much better than anyone else. It was our great start that kept everybody else in trouble right from the beginning. But I'm not worried about the team letting down this year, because Earl Weaver gets into it a little more than most managers. He gets upset if we lose. He'll shake you." Robinson, Mark Belanger at shortstop, Dave Johnson at second and Boog Powell at first give a fine defensive lift to a pitching staff that had the best earned run average (2.83) in the major leagues. Dave McNally and Mike Cuellar won 43 games. After not pitching at all for the Orioles in 1968 because of injuries, Jim Palmer ran up a splendid 16-4 record and had a no-hitter. The bullpen was excellent, but then bullpens often have trouble putting two good seasons together. Oriole fans, not the greatest ticket buyers in the world, also have trouble putting two good years together, but they really ought to give their ballclub the attendance its excellence deserves. Last year, winning 109 games, a divisional title and the pennant, Baltimore drew barely a million fans.

In Boston the Red Sox might easily have reached two million had the club been able to work its way into contention. As it was, 1,833,000 New Englanders packed little Fenway Park and hoped against hope. Mostly they hoped that Boston's pitching wasn't as bad as it looked—but it was. Now it seems to be much better. The new hope is that lefthander Gary Peters, from the White Sox, can do as well as he used to in Chi-

Continued



Here he is called out on a third strike, but not much gets past Baltimore's Blair, or his talented teammates



AL EAST continued

cago. He won only 14 games over the past two seasons but has had arm trouble that appears to be cured. Ray Culp won 17 games despite elbow trouble, and Mike Nagy, only 22, had a rookie record of 12-2. Jim Lonborg, Cy Young Award winner (22-9) in the 1957 pennant-winning season, was cut with injuries much of 1968 and 1969. Give the Sox comebacks by Lonborg and Peters, strong seasons again from Culp and Nagy and they might surprise the Orioles. For Boston can hit and Boston can field. Little Luis Alvarado, the Most Valuable Player in the International League at shortstop, takes over at third base, and the only reason he is not playing shortstop is because of Rico Petrocelli, who batted .297, hit 40 homers and tied Phil Rizzuto's record for fewest errors by a shortstop in a season (14). Carl Yastrzemski had 40 homers and 111 RBIs, but he batted only .255, now he will probably go less for the long ball and more for average. Reggie Smith, who gets better and better, moved up to .309, with 25 homers and 93 RBIs. George Scott picked up 82 points to raise his batting average to an acceptable .253. Catching is still a concern, and the team will probably be a month into the season before new manager Eddie Kasko makes a final decision on who will get the most work. There are still plenty of problems with the Red Sox, but the talent is there. If Baltimore's pitching saga and Boston's comes through, the Red Sox could win this division.

One certainly wouldn't want to bet that the Detroit Tigers could. Detroit's case is the one of the big man who isn't there, Denny McLain. McLain is a great pitcher, and his absence virtually dooms a pitching staff that led the league in strikeouts. Lefthander Mickey Lolich (36 wins in two years) becomes the No. 1 starter, followed by lefthander Mike Kilkenny, a fast finisher last year, and Earl Wilson, who completed five of his 35 starts. Beyond the damage that McLain's departure has done to the pitching is the general effect it has had on the morale of the team, particularly since Catcher Bill Freehan's disclosure (SI, March 2) of the special treatment McLain received from the Tiger management. Freehan's story chafed the Tiger brass and particularly Manager Mayo Smith, who believes Freehan violated the confidence of the clubhouse. The Tigers have won 284 games under Smith in the past three seasons, the highest three-year total in the club's history. Despite the presence of such fine players as Lolich, Freehan, Al Kaline, Willie Horton, Jim Northrup, Dick McAuliffe, Norm Cash and Mickey Stanley, Smith will be hard pressed to maintain that pace.

There seems to be nothing but happiness in Washington, where Ted Williams' enthusiastic approach to managing helped restore pride to the Senators. Wash-

continued

Symbols of the changed times: rising Senators' Howard flares over diminished Yankees' Murcer in byplay at first base

Red Sox' Shortstop Petrocelli hit 40 home runs last season and he still is capable of pulling Houdini tricks in the field







AL EAST continued

ington improved by 21 games in Williams' first season, but his second is not going to be as much fun; the Senators simply do not have enough pitching to be a serious threat for a divisional title. But under Teddy Ballgame's tutelage Washington should have another good time at the plate. Frank Howard hit 48 homers last year, Mike Epstein, the erudite slugger, hit 30 and drove in 85 runs, and Ken McMullen had 19 and 87 RBIs. With these three anchoring the batting order, the Senators have enough punch to give anyone trouble.

Three weeks before the new season began, the Cleveland Indians, who dropped 15 of their first 16 games in 1969, lost Ken Harrelson with a broken ankle. Harrelson's absence is going to hurt on the field and at the box office; the Indians drew only 620,000 last year. The Hawk was a vital man in Manager Alvin Dark's plans for reviving the Indians. Now the outlook is bleak. Popular Tony Horton, who had 27 homers and 93 RBIs, was a bitter holdout after a winter of raving that he was going to be traded. Dean Chance, 20-game-winner-turned-fight-promoter, moved from the Twins to the Indians in the winter but had trouble throwing in spring training. Tad Uhleender, Craig (not Craig) Nettles and Bob Miller also came to Cleveland in exchange for Luis Tiant and Stan Williams. Outfielder Vada Pinson is another new face, but the Indians are facing the same old story. It would surprise nobody if the franchise were moved—probably to Dallas—after another bad season.

The New York Yankees are in the fourth year of General Manager Lee MacPhail's "five-year program," and there could be a big improvement in evidence. The pitching is excellent, and the hitting should be greatly advanced. The defense, though, still doesn't approach the standards set by the superb Yankee teams of the past, and that deficiency might negate any big move toward the top. But the Yankees are moving. Danny Cater, who came from Kansas City and Oakland, will not belt many homers in Yankee Stadium, but he should be able to hit for a good average. Joe Pepitone was traded away for Curt Blefary of Houston, and Blefary should pull quite a few homers into the right field seats. Bobby Murcer (26 homers) and Roy White (290, 74 RBIs) are excellent ballplayers, and young Thurman Munson may be the catcher the Yankees have been looking for since Elston Howard started to wane. Pete Ward, from the White Sox, is an outstanding pinch hitter. The big pitchers are Mel Stottlemyre, who had his third 20-game season in 1969, and Fritz Peterson, who won 17. The special reclamation project for Manager Ralph Houk is Joe Verbanic, who spent 1969 on the disabled list. If Verbanic and Stan Bahnsen, a 17-game winner two years ago who fell to 9-16 in 1969, come back to top form the Yankees might have a delightful season.

CONTINUED

With Hawk Harrelson (left) out with a broken ankle, prospects for the Indians' season can be summed up in Horton's yawl.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

**Twins
on paper, but
A's on
the field**

There are plenty of curious factors to ponder in the American League West. Lefthander Jim Kaat predicts that he will win more games for the Minnesota Twins because he has had a calcium deposit the size of a lime and the shape of a starfish removed from a thigh, he had this talisman with him in Florida this spring and was glad to show it to accredited forecasters. Another oddity to consider is that since this time last year every team in the division has acquired a new manager—the odd thing being it might well make a difference. The Oakland Athletics, No. 2 in '69, should be better under quiet John McNamara, and Minnesota, the defending champ, should not be as good without loud Billy Martin. The Athletics have other things going for them. They are young enough so that being a year older is all for the best. They have traded for a good young catcher in Frank Fernandez, more power at first in Don Mincher, bullpen help in Diego Segui, an added starter in Al Downing and a seasoned hitter in Felipe Alou. Rick Monday has married and put on weight through his shoulders (not necessarily in that order). Presumably Reggie Jackson and Sal Bando, though they have advanced to the ages of 23 and 26, will continue to do such things as hit 47 and 31 home runs, respectively, and play in every inning of every game—which Bando did in '69—as well as drive in another 231 runs between them. Defense is good, team speed is good, the infield is the best in the league outside Baltimore. The only problem is pitching, which some theorists hold to be important. But the material is there in Blue Moon Odom, Catfish Hunter, Rolie Fingers and the more prosaically named Chuck Dobson and Jim Roland. The clincher may well be McNamara, who managed more than half of the current A's in the minors and was cited by most of them last year, when he was an Oakland coach, as the man who had helped them most in baseball. "We came up together," says McNamara. "You can't spend 18 hours on a bus with these players without getting to know them well." Unaccountably, he even got to like them, and vice versa, under those conditions. If McNamara can bring two or three of his fine young pitchers to their full potential, and coax a good year out of the erratic Downing, the new skipper might not even be put back on that bus by Charles O. Finley.

The Twins, with Harmon Killebrew, Tony Oliva, Rich Reese, Rod Carew and other fixtures nearly as solid, look like the class of the division—on paper. Their horrible spring record in the Grapefruit League may mean nothing, but the combination that put them nine games ahead of the A's last season has been disrupted. Martin, who in 1969 plotted their moves, chewed their tails and beat up at least one of them, was in camp this spring only to tape radio interviews and to smoke a Sherlock Holmes pipe. Bill Rigney, Billy the Kid's successor, is widely known as a peach

continued

Another hot start by Second Baseman Rod Carew, who batted .400 in the early months, would help the Twins' title defense.





of a guy, but the Twins' only pennants have been won when Martin, widely known as a peach pit of a guy, was irritating them onward either as manager or as third-base coach. Soon after firing Martin, Owner Calvin Griffith traded away Ted Uhlaender, thereby tying down versatile Cesar Tovar to Uhlaender's old center-field spot. Old-hand Catcher John Roseboro, named to the All-Star team last year, was released outright by Griffith in the winter because of his age and salary and was signed quickly by the Senators. Roseboro's successor, George Mitterwald, is able-looking but inexperienced, and it may turn out that economizing on old John was penny wise and pennant foolish. Then again if Luis Tiant, who came over from Cleveland in the Uhlaender trade, regains his 1968 pitching form (21-9) as opposed to his 1969 form (9-20), Griffith could yet qualify as the trader of the year. Tiant pitched 450 innings in the past 12 months in the American, Mexican and Dominican Republic leagues. He says he pitched a similar bundle of innings the winter before he won 21 games—whereas the Indians made him rest all winter before his 9-20 year. In Tiant, Kaat, Jim Perry and Dave Boswell the Twins have four pitchers who have been 20-game winners, though Boswell seems the only good bet to win that many again.

There are four other teams in the division—unless you feel that Seattle-Milwaukee should be counted as more, or less, than one—but they bothered the A's and Twins last year only because they were such poor drawing cards. Again none seems to have much chance of rising above third place. But two of them, the Chicago White Sox and the Kansas City Royals, will at least be more interesting and may even represent growth stocks along the lines of the 1968 pre-pennant Mets. Last year the phrase "White Sox enthusiast" had all the inner logic of "Studebaker buff" or "Muzak nut." The club might have drawn better with home movies, and the only really juicy story out of Comiskey Park was the time lefthander Tommy John told a lady sportswriter that in his opinion Joe Namath was "nothing but an animal." This year, however, it will be worth traveling into the South Side just to see Carlos May play left field and Walt Williams play right field. May, the best rookie in the league though Kansas City's Lou Piniella got the award, lost part of his thumb to a misfired mortar round during Army reserve exercises last August, but he showed what the rest of him is made of this spring by learning to throw well (cutting down at least two base runners) and to hit line drives with that crucial appendage bolstered only by a bit of foam rubber. It remains to be seen how well May will get around on the ball when regular-season pitchers start jamming him ruthlessly with inside fast balls and sliders on his incomplete fists, but if there is any justice he will come through some way. The 5' 6" Williams was the hustlingest thing about the Sox, if not about the league, last year and

was the best hitter for average (.304) in the city of Chicago, which includes those slugging National League Cubs. If the club ceases to be snakebit (May was hurt, Al Lopez fell sick and decided to quit as manager, and an impressive young pitcher named Paul Edmondson was killed in an automobile accident) and if some of the pitching for which the Sox used to be famous can be scraped up to go along with the burgeoning hitting, it will be a team to watch.

The Royals, by far the most successful of the latest crop of expansion teams, gave such newcomers as Piniella, Pat Kelly and Jack Hernandez plenty of experience but also invested heavily in minor league development. This past winter they also picked up Amos Ots, who had been branded by the Mets as "untouchable" property a year ago and who had a first-rate season in the minors after flunking as the Met third baseman. Outfielder Ots was miscast at third base and had no chance of winning the center-field job from Tommie Agee, but he has taken over that position for Kansas City like a man who may be making impossible catches in the 1972 World Series. Charlie Metro, who had been the Royals' farm director, agreed to take over as manager with some reluctance because it meant losing the profit-sharing advantages that have made rich ladies out of secretaries in firms run by the Royals' owner, Ewing Kauffman (a rule prohibits such remuneration to uniformed personnel). Metro consoles himself by saying that he has the best young pitching staff in baseball, so if you don't want to miss the first tender flowering of the next Seaver or Kossman, it might be wise to keep an eye on Dick Drago, Bill Butler, Jim Rooker, Wally Bunker (who is, after all, still only 25) and Roger Nelson.

The California Angels have beefed up their offense greatly by acquiring Alex Johnson, one of the real natural rippers, from Cincinnati, but Johnson can be counted on to do something else again to their defense. It was Johnson who, one day when his defensive replacement also made several errors, prompted someone to revive the old saw that he had left field so fouled up nobody could play it. Jay Johnstone and Jim Fregosi are batter-rounded Angels, and Andy Messersmith leads a creditable pitching staff. But longtime superstar Rick Reichardt will probably not even be a regular this year, and the folks of Anaheim are not likely to pass up Disneyland in droves to see a ball club with so little flair.

The Seattle Pilots were another team that changed managers (Dave Bristol for Joe Schultz), thereby inspiring cynics to suggest that Seattle should have kept the pilot and replaced the Pilots. Then a great deal of legal and financial filletage cast a pall on spring training, what with the front office more concerned with where the team would play than with whom its players would be. Things should brighten up in Milwaukee—Tommy Harper will steal a lot of bases and Mike Hegan will hit well—but the new Brewers will still look like the old Pilots. Sometimes the more things change the more they remain the same.

END

Say what you will about Oakland, the A's will not lack for excitement as long as Campaneris wears Finley's uniform.

Who is Earl Weaver?" people asked back on July 11, 1968, much as they once asked, "Who is Harry Truman?" or, "Who is Spiro Agnew?" July 11, 1968 was the day Weaver became manager of the Baltimore Orioles. A little more than a year later Weaver was in the World Series, and 31 million people watched as he became the first manager in 35 years to be thrown out of a Series game by an umpire.

Through all the anonymous years Weaver was out on baseball's ill-paid fringes. He started playing as a kid on the downtown sandlots of St. Louis during the years when the Depression was dissolving into a world war, the years when the big names around Sportsman's Park were Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter and Marty Marion. Earl was stubby with square little hands, and he could never hit the ball beyond the nearest outfielder but baseball was his life. His father ran a dry-cleaning shop in the basement of the family house right in the heart of the city, and on the steamy summer afternoons father and son would take the streetcar to Sportsman's Park and yell for the Cardinals.

"I remember the time I was 7 or 8 I didn't want to do anything but play baseball," Earl Weaver says today, sitting in his manager's office, with the clatter and hang of the players in the locker room drifting through the doorway. "Though I could've listened to what the teacher said a little bit more when I was settin' there in the classroom. And I wish I would've, because it's the only time in your life that knowledge is given to you so easily, when it's so easy to accept and file away in your brain so it's there for the later years."

A ritual pinochle game played by the manager and his three coaches is about to start—a two-hour time-killer until the team is due out on the field for batting practice, but Earl Weaver remembers something else. "Watching Marty Marion [pronounced Meron in Weaver's downriver accent], I got interested in infield play. And then my body itself dictated that I should be an infielder because if you're gonna be a first baseman you gotta be big, and a third baseman gotta hit the ball outa the ball park, and outfielders the same thing. My body just dictated I should be an infielder—a shortstop or a second baseman—only I

Little Earl Weaver, who played and managed in the minors for 20 years, was ready when his chance came to manage the Baltimore Orioles

by ALFRED WRIGHT

THE BIRDS HOP FOR A LIVELY BANTAM



WEAVER SMILES EASILY, LOVES TO TELL STORIES OF HIS RUN-INS WITH UMPIRES

didn't have the good arm to play big-league shortstop."

He played in the Khouri Leagues in St. Louis and on two city championship teams in high school. The scouts liked Weaver, and five clubs offered to sign him, but the Cardinals were Earl's team and their \$2,000 bonus was all the persuasion he needed. In 1948, not yet 18, he was off to the all-night bus rides and the dirty uniforms and the locker rooms that smelled worse than the stockyards in Omaha and St. Joe and the other way-stops. For 20 years it was like a continuing geography lesson, winters in the Caribbean and Florida, summers in Georgia or Texas or upstate New York, wherever the club sent him. In the few months of his off-season he worked as a hood carrier or on an oil rig or as a car salesman. In 1951 the Cardinals brought him to spring training for a look, but there was a fellow named Red Schoendienst playing second for St. Louis, and Weaver went back to the bus leagues.

In 1956, his ninth year in the minors, the Knoxville manager was fired late in the season, and Weaver, at 26, was given the job. It was a last-place team, but soon he was managing in the Baltimore Orioles' farm system, and from 1959 through 1967 his teams, with only one exception, finished either first or second every year. "We were well aware that Earl had a chance to be a major league manager," says Harry Dalton, Baltimore's general manager, "but we were also aware that he would probably have to spend five years longer in the minors than someone else because no one had ever heard of him." In 1968, 17 years after that spring training cup of coffee with the Cardinals, Weaver put on his second major league uniform, this time as a Baltimore coach under Manager Hank Bauer. He was 37, and he carried the big-league mark of authority on his 5' 7" frame: a ballooning waistline. In practice he hit fungoes to the players, and the life in baseball had never been quite so sweet: no lineups to fill out, no reports to the home office, no frolicked athletes to comfort. For a time he could spend his spare time with Marianne, the tiny dark-haired lady he had met and married while he was managing at Lima. The way Weaver figured, if he could just hang on with Baltimore

for five years he would be eligible for the major league pension plan.

So Earl coached first base and stayed out of the way of Bauer, who seemed a little distant, not hostile, just not friendly. Once Bauer did ask Weaver to do something about "the frame of mind" of Boog Powell, Baltimore's enormous first baseman: Earl kind of hung around Powell, a strong silent type, and wondered what to do. "I didn't actually do anything," he said later. "Oh, I talked hitting with Boog and rooted for him like I did all the others. One time I asked him if maybe closing his stance would help. But he said no, he didn't want to change his stance,

since he had been doing good hitting that way before."

During the All-Star break that first year in Baltimore the ground suddenly shook under Earl Weaver. He was spending the three days at home with Marianne, playing gin rummy and cooking an occasional meal of short ribs and noodles, his favorite dish. He and Marianne were lying by the pool on Wednesday when the phone rang. It was Harry Dalton. "How would you like to take over the team?" asked Dalton, who was calling from Kansas City, where he had flown to fire Bauer. Weaver said O.K. It had always been that way in baseball. They told him to do something or

Continued



IN 1969 HE BECAME FIRST MANAGER, TOSSED OUT OF A WORLD SERIES IN 38 YEARS

asked him to, and he would do it. If you are an inflielder with a weak bat and not much of an arm, you learn to do what you can.

"Is that good?" Marianna asked when he told her the news.

"Yeah," Earl told her. "We'll make more money."

"Good," she said.

Weaver is like that sometimes, showing you the flip side. Umpires bring it out more often than other people, and thus Earl has a large reputation among ballplayers and journalists as a part-time kook. It makes you wonder how much rebel seethes beneath the surface of this outward conformist who patiently waited in line all those years.

"There was the time," Weaver recalls, "when I got off the greatest line I ever come up with. I can't remember the umpire's name, and I'd like to, because he'd get a kick out of it when he reads it. It happened in the International League, and our dugout was at first base. The other team was hitting, and the batter took a swing at the ball. It was one of those half-swing calls that are very hard for an umpire to see, and he missed it. He called it a ball. Now I say, 'Gosh-darn,' or something to the effect that we don't even get a strike when he swings. I said, 'They must have changed the rules.' I said, 'You guys got your own rule book?' I said, 'I'd like to read your rule book someday.' Well, the umpire hollered over at me, 'Can you read?' Just about that time the pitcher threw the ball and the batter hit it, and the umpire was running to first base, and I yelled, 'Not your rule book because it's written in Braille.' He stopped right there, with the play going on and, hollered, 'Get out of here, Weaver.' I walked up and said, 'Now you're going to throw me out. You say something to me you think is funny, and I say something back to you I think is funny and I'm thrown out of the ball game.' He said, 'That's right. Go ahead, get out of here.'"

Another time, in Charleston, W. Va.: "The umpire was on third base, and there was a ball hit down the third-base line, and he called it foul or fair—I forget what it was, but it went against my ball club. I argued with him, and finally he threw me out of the ball game. So when he threw me out I picked up third base and took it with me. I said, 'You might as well play without it. That base don't mean nothing,

anyway. You're not using it. There's no foul line or anything.' I took the base off the field with me. There was no malice intended," he adds.

There is less of that sort of thing in the majors. Weaver explains, because the umpires are better and there is less need to get on them for mistakes. However, as World Series watchers can testify, things do happen. Here, slightly truncated, is Weaver's version of the well-publicized incident with Umpire Shag Crawford during the fourth Series game with the Mets.

"Early in the game he called Powell out on strikes. The ball looked a little outside to me, and when Powell came in to the dugout I said, 'Where was the pitch?' Boog said it was about six inches outside. A little later, with them up, there was a pitch on a 1 and 2 count to Donn Clendenen that was close. I don't know if it's a strike or a ball, but it could have been called a strike. He called it a ball. Two and two that made it, and Clendenen hit the next pitch out of the ball park to put the Mets ahead 1-0. I hollered at Crawford, 'It never fails, miss one and it shows right up.' He turned around and gave me a pretty dirty look.

"O.K. We come in to bat the next inning, and Mirk Belanger was the first batter. The first pitch to Belanger was definitely a ball. I can see this from the dugout. It's low and outside, and our club stood up and hollered 'hey-ey' real loud, because they're all mad about the other thing. Everybody on the bench hollering, and Hendricks right next to me hollering as loud as he could. The whole club was hollering. My voice couldn't have been heard over anybody else's, because we hollered in unison. Crawford ripped his mask off and come runnin' and got about halfway in between home plate and the dugout. He's hollerin' at me, and everybody's hollerin' at him, and I don't know what he said. It could have been 'Hendricks, you say one more word, you're out of here' or 'Weaver, you say one more word, you're out.' It was probably directed at me, but I don't know. So I run up the stairs, and Crawford turned around and started walking back to home plate. I hollered, 'Shag!' He didn't answer, and I quickened my step and hollered, 'Hey, Shag!' When I got to home plate I said, 'Shag,' and he said, 'You're out of the ball game.' I said, 'Out of the ball game? What for?'

This is a World Series, and he's been instructed to use good judgment. He said, 'You're up here arguing balls and strikes.' I said, 'I'm not up here arguing balls and strikes. I came up here to find out what you said.' He said, 'You've heard all that I'm going to say. You're out of the ball game.'"

"What did you do for the rest of the game?" Weaver is asked.

"I can't tell you that," he answers, with a sly grin.

Weaver can sit there in his office or on the dugout bench, one stubby little leg folded over the other, and the words tumble out one after another, while the visiting journalists laugh and scribble their notes. Entertaining the reporters, which Weaver does as pleasantly and willingly as anyone south of Casey Stengel, is almost as vital to the ephemeral art of managing a baseball team as winning—though not quite, as Weaver makes clear when he states his credo: "Winning is everything." He played on pennant winners his first four years in the minors, and he has won four pennants as a manager, including last year's with the Orioles. It was his "great enthusiasm and optimism and exceptional knowledge of the game and its tactics" that impressed Dalton, who was growing up as an executive in the farm system while Weaver was learning to manage. After the Orioles dropped from world champions in 1966 to sixth a year later, Dalton brought Weaver in as a coach "to have him in the wings in case Bauer ever left." After Bauer left, or was pushed, Weaver moved the club from third place, 10 games out, to a respectable second-place finish. His first full year, of course, was a runaway, with Baltimore winning 109 games and losing only 53, moving into the lead on the eighth day of the season and never relinquishing it.

Billy Hunter, the infield coach who serves as Weaver's chief of staff, played on the superb Yankee teams of the 1950s but he says, "I thought our club last year was the best team I've ever been on, position for position. And they get along together." Hunter gives most of the credit for team morale to Weaver, who "kept the team loose." He cites the kangaroo courts the Orioles usually staged after a victory. Frank Robinson presided, wearing the remnants of an old mop over his head as a peruke. There were various awards such as a broken

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hat handle for the weakest swing of the game and an old beat-up shoe for the biggest gaffe on the base paths. "Some of the guys made funny speeches," says Relief Pitcher Pete Richert, "and it got to be a way where you could point out a guy's faults without a lot of resentment. It was a good safety valve, but you could only do it when you're winning."

Baseball, like war, is about 95% waiting around and 5% action, which is one reason baseball players are the laziest-looking athletes in sport. "They're funny," Hunter says. "About the only thing they talk about when they're away from the park is baseball, but when they're at the park they talk about everything else, from last night's movie to what a great night they had in Rochester last summer." But not with Weaver around. He may be in the middle of a sentence, but those daring eyes can see a yawn around a corner, and if it is during a game he will be up asking, "What's the count on the batter?" If you don't know, the next scene is either 30 lashes with the tongue or kangaroo court. The Orioles, under Weaver, keep their attention on the game. One afternoon during spring training, Catcher Andy Etchebarren came from the clubhouse and announced that Kentucky was trailing Jacksonville by nine points in their televised NCAA basketball playoff. "Yeah," Weaver snorted, "and we're only 3 and 2 in the winter league." Etchebarren has served under Weaver in both the minors and the majors, and he got the point. "He'll chew you out," Andy explained, "but only for doing something dumb. The next minute he's forgotten about it, except you better not do it again."

To hear Weaver tell it, managing in the major leagues is a routine mental exercise and considerably easier than in the minors. When he took over the Orioles, he says, "All I did was change from a five-man to a four-man pitching rotation and used two spot starters, with Richert, Watt and Hall as short relief, I put Don Buford in the lineup as a regular outfielder, platooning Paul Blair and Curt Blefary. Against left-handed pitching, Blair played center with Buford in left; against righthanders, Blefary was in left and Buford in center." The only person who complained about the platooning arrangement was Blefary, who was soon traded off to Houston. When one of the players told

Weaver that at least nobody ever felt "half-assed" about him, Weaver quipped, "Blefary does. He likes me a little and dislikes me a lot."

"The main thing," Weaver says, "is to keep the players enthusiastic. When I walk in the clubhouse, I holler, 'Today's the day we have to win. We have to win the ball game today. That's all we have to do. Whatever we did yesterday don't count.'"

"The other things are just part of the job. You can put on a hit-and-run that works. You can also put on a hit-and-run that backfires. You can't really get too satisfied with yourself if something works, because you know that tomorrow the same play's not going to work. You don't want no credit for it when it does work because that's part of the job, and when it doesn't work you don't want anybody blaming you, either."

"Opening day last year we were involved in an extra-inning game, and I did something that was very unusual. I put on a squeeze play with two strikes on the batter, and it backfired. If the hitter could have gotten the ball on the ground, it would have made me really look good on opening day, because it was a situation where if the ball goes on the ground the run crosses the plate and everybody goes home. Well, the guy that was batting happened to miss the ball, but I don't want him blaming me, because it would all have been to his credit if he hit the ball on the ground. These are just things you're supposed to do, and they've got to be successful more often than not. Because if they're not, you're not winning your share, you're not helping your club."

"Switching the pitcher, getting the pitcher out of there at the right time, is an all-important part of managing. I bring in Eddie Watt at the end of the ball game to try to get out two hitters. If Watt happens to fail to get his two and a left-handed hitter walks up there, I go get him out and bring in Richert. But that's part of the job, and you don't expect any credit for that. You really don't."

"If you concentrate on it, you can figure out the moves another manager is going to make 97% of the time, and he can figure out my moves 97% of the time. I'm fortunate in being on this ball club, because the ability and talent that I have sitting on the bench can keep the other manager from making a move at

a certain time. Like I can think about putting in Eddie Watt, and I know that if I do they're going to bring in a lefthander off the bench. But I can say to myself, well, that lefthander can't hit Eddie Watt either, so I might as well go get Eddie Watt. That's the ability in what you have sitting there. Another manager might not be able to make a move because he knows I can bring a Hendricks in or a Davey Magee and really upset the appreciat."

"There are some managers in the league, and I'm going to name Al Dark to start with—in fact, he's the only one I'm going to name—that you never are able to nail against the wall. Dark has always got a right and left pinch hitter sitting there unless you go into extra innings. And most of the time he's got a right and left in the huddle. Here's a guy that you're just not going to get down to the eighth or ninth inning and have him out of ballplayers. One of the tough guys to manage against."

Frank Robinson, who has managerial intentions of his own, points out a facet of Weaver's technique that all his players endorse. "The man made it a complete club," Robinson says. "He has 25 players, and they all come out to the park knowing they may be used. You know—pinch-run, pinch-hit, pinch to one man, catch an inning, go in the outfield late in the game." Weaver says, "They sit on the bench they rot."

"He treats everyone the same," Robinson continued. "No favorites. I don't care if you've been in the majors for 15 years or this is your first, you're all the same. I think that's great. It makes for a good feeling on the ball club. People thought we might be down after losing the World Series, but I'll tell you why we can't be down, Weaver won't let us. People think we might be complacent, but there's no way we can be complacent with Weaver around."

Weaver won't even let himself become complacent. It pleases his bubbly humor to tell what happened last fall when he was finally losing his anonymity after the Orioles had run off with the American League pennant. Earl and Marianna visited a nightclub to hear Brenda Lee sing and, sure enough, she saw him and stopped the show to introduce him. "Ladies and gentlemen," she cried, "there is a sports celebrity in the audience—the manager of the Baltimore Orioles, Earl Warren."

END



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First month this, I was 4-1 in Copenhagen asked 100 of the city's more famous residents to do paintings which the club would exhibit in the tennis hall and then auction off for charity. Tennis star **Torben Ulrich** actually went all out at least way out. He covered the walls and floor of a room in his tennis club with plastic and proceeded to smash tennis balls dipped in paint onto a 6½-foot by 4-foot canvas. "The paint," he reported, "exploded beautifully." His wife and some friends helped dip the balls, and a photographer videotaped the process. When it was over, Ulrich cut a square in one corner of the canvas and installed a TV set, enabling the art lover to study the painting and the creative process simultaneously. "Much to my surprise it became a pretty good painting," Ulrich says, adding modestly, "the racket we used is also quite nice."

Waite Hoyt, the former Yankee pitcher and longtime Cincinnati broadcaster, keeps busy at 70 doing occasional television commercials. The nice & easy James, with Bob Hope playing the late Jimmy Walker, was on the tube in Cincinnati the other evening, and it was interrupted by Hoyt plugging the Allstate Home Improvement Company. When the movie resumed, the scene was Yankee Stadium, and the camera zoomed in on Hope sitting in the stands. His first words? "Pie in Waite Hoyt!"

Ken Venturi may suffer from cold hands but not, apparently, from cold feet. He's just become a licensed sport-car driver. Venturi became seriously interested in race driving last year, when he played in the pre-500 tournament at Indianapolis, so he signed up at the SCCA driver's school in Sonoma, Calif. He finished among the top 10 in a class of 100, of whom only 10 com-

pleted the course. He was a good student—sans instructor **Bill Haertig**. "He has a feel for racing, but he wasn't a know-it-all, like some guys," says Venturi. "Goofy is a lot like driving. The smoother you are, the faster you can go. And in racing you can't think back or too far in advance. In golf I sometimes found myself thinking where the flag was placed on the fifth hole while I was putting on the first or second. In that sense, driving helps me concentrate for golf." Venturi plans to join the golf tour next month, but he has signed with Firestone and hopes to race late in the year.

• An eight-eared shell was presented to Columbia University last month in honor of **Mark Van Doren**, Pulitzer Prize poet, critic and retired Columbia English professor. Van Doren, in turn, honored the school by writing a poem for the occasion. "It's only four lines long so I'll have no trouble remembering it," he said before reciting *This Shell*. Van Doren admitted having "no history with reference to Columbia crew," but tried to capture "the lightness of the shell and its responsiveness to

the men rowing." He succeeded admirably. "Weightless as nature shall command, Stubble of purpose a feather blown—I go with my oarsmen where they will. My beautiful body and theirs all one." Mrs. Van Doren then christened the shell, liberally splashing it with Harlem River water from a champagne bottle. No one suggested she break the bottle over the bow, and Mrs. Van Doren was most cooperative. Who'd want to crack a \$2,300 shell?

• He's very good at Ping-Pong, almost professional glass. • **Good Elizabeth Taylor** of *Richard Burton* in their television interview, with **David Frost**, explaining about a small diamond she was wearing with the diamond. "Richard told me," she said, "if you can get 10 points in a game with me, I will give you the perfect gem. So I got him drunk and I beat him."

Backsoothed little bus van look forward to having their teeth straightened by **Gary Cuozzo** and **Billy Cannon**, who, to date, have been in the business of making big boys' teeth crooked. After seven years of off-season study, both have graduated from the University of Tennessee College of Dentistry where Cuozzo received the Faculty Medal for having racked up the highest scholastic average in his class. Both are presently enrolled in a program at Loyola of Chicago leading to a master's degree in oral biology and a certificate in orthodontics. In other words, QB for T.I.D.D.S., M.S.

"Most guys who write books," says new author and veteran Astro Pitcher **Jim Houston**, "are at the top of their careers." **Carl Yastrzemski**, **Frank Robinson**, **Sandy Koufax** and theirs are filled with World Series anecdotes, the success stuff. Mine isn't like that. I just kept notes



on different things about the game, funny sayings, things that happen in the clubhouse and such." *Bouton's book, Ball Four* will be released in June. "I thought if I ever got to be famous or great I'd write a book about it," he explains. "Unfortunately, I couldn't wait any longer."

• But ye shall fall like one of the princes," says the Bible, and demonstrating how princes go about it is **Carl Gustaf** of Sweden. His Highness, in lowness for the moment, recently entered something called a "March Gras on skis, a costume speed race," which was part of pre-Easter festivities on Sweden's Storlien Mountain. Dressed as a member of a medical emergency team, the crown prince was a bit hampered by having to carry one end of a stretcher complete with "patient." He fell several times, breaking both skis, and a few days later, on the same course, it wasn't his skis, it was his left arm. In between, however, he did complete the three-kilometer cross-country event. Thirty-four minutes is considered good time. Carl Gustaf did it in 23.



An All-Star named Tom is the most Dapper Dan

Tom McMillen, the country's best high school player, wows a Pittsburgh crowd and leaves coaches shaking as he prepares to pick his college

College basketball's major tournaments having been concluded on a wing (UCLA in the NCAA) and a prayer (Marquette in the NIT), the nation's coaches suddenly found themselves three weeks ago without a season, without chalk, without blackboard, games or fun. It was finally time to get down to the important part of their occupation, the meat-and-potatoes division, if you will, the actual work. And so it came as no

surprise to find a militia of these kindred spirits in Pittsburgh last weekend not coaching, but working. For them working is recruiting.

It was impossible to turn around at the William Penn Hotel without bumping into one coach or another looking for high school players in lobbies, hallways, coffee shops, elevators and occasionally under a potted palm. The ubiquitous group had converged on Pitts-

burgh to watch the Dapper Dan Roundball Classic, an annual high school All-Star game that in the six years of its existence has emerged as the best event of its kind. For spectators and others on the mere fringes of the sport, the Dapper Dan has become an extravaganza of fun that involves watching the young court talent on display and, for the ghoulishness of it, the coaches smiling, squirming, boasting, lying and faking themselves out as they attempt to snare the piece of flesh and bone that might win them a national championship.

This season's prime catch is Tom McMillen (St. Feb. 16), the 6'11" thin man from Mansfield, Pa. whose prospectus is attractive because not only can he run, shoot, pass, jump and score but, unlike many another high school hotshot, he can spell his name—and other words, too.

At the Dapper Dan, McMillen played for the Pennsylvania All-Stars against a team of U.S. stars representing 10 other states. And though he came down with a fever the day of the game, he was brilliant, scoring 37 points before his team finally lost 87-81.

The game was truly child's play, however, compared to the combat proceedings in the stands and smoke-filled rooms where the coaches discussed whom they wanted of the players available, whom they could get and, more often, whom they would like to steal.

The coaches owed the stimulation of this evening to Sonny Vaccaro, the founder of the Dapper Dan. Vaccaro, a 30-year-old former high school teacher, started the games—a local All-Star contest precedes the main event—in 1965 with a neighbor, Pat DiCesare, after convincing Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan Club, a sports-minded charity organization, to lend financial help. Pro basketball has died twice in Pittsburgh and is now under sedation again, and the local colleges have not drawn well recently, but the city has taken the high school event to its steely bosom.

The games have sold out the 13,000-seat Civic Arena every year but once, and the Dapper Dons can now furnish new uniforms, sneakers, travel bags and equipment values—in addition to free transportation, room and meals—to each player and his high school coach.

Ninety percent of the All-Stars already have made up their minds on a college before they arrive in Pittsburgh, but an

enrolled

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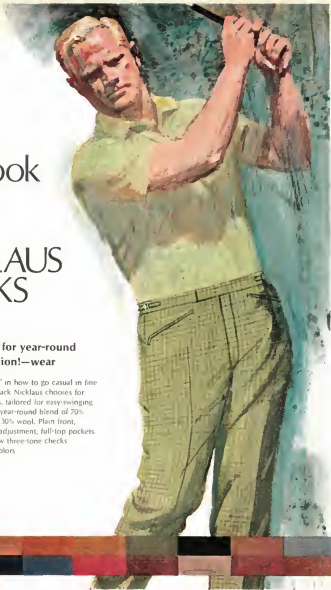
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awake clutch can find plenty of sleepers in the preliminary contest and sometimes one or two in the showcase game. Howard Porter was unknown to everybody except Villanova recruiter George Raveling when he came to the Dapper Dan three years ago. Sure enough, the morning after the game Raveling found a Big Ten team attempting to kidnap his charge. "Howard had his hips packed until I convinced him to stick with us," says Raveling.

Such incidents obligated many coaches to come to Pittsburgh last week for convey purposes. Dayton, for one, had already signed Guard Donnie Smith, a home-town boy, but Flyers Assistant Coach Pat Haley showed up early. "I told Coach [Don] Donohue I'd get here Friday," Haley said. "He told me, 'Your rear end Friday. You'll go Wednesday and baby-sit.' I came with Donnie and I'm leaving with him."

McMillen is one of this year's stars who is undecided on a college, so he was lovingly courted by representatives of the four Atlantic Coast Conference schools he is known to be considering, Maryland, North Carolina, Duke and Virginia. McMillen is worth the tender attention. He averaged 47 points a game this season, and his offensive talents dazzled onlookers at the Dapper Dan practice sessions. "He's a one-man clinic on shooting," said Howie Garlinke, the guru of high school recruiting services. "He's the greatest offensive center I've ever seen. He's the greatest without the ball I've ever seen. He's the greatest kid I ever met." Howie laughed. "But he won't tell me where he's going next year, and I hate him."

There had been hopes for a Dapper Dan face-off between McMillen and another outstanding center from La Mesa, Calif., Bill Walton, but a California ruling prohibited Walton from playing. Still the U.S. stars had 7' 3" Tom Burleson from North Carolina, 6' 9" Dwight Jones from Texas, New York's Ed Searey and New Jersey's Harold Sullinger, both 6' 7" to contend with McMillen. In Pittsburgh Dwight Jones was an unknown quantity, but people in Houston could tell the Dapper Daps that Big D had helped Wheatley High School to the state championship three years in a row and finished his career with a record of 102-2.

The U.S. team also had the best group of guards in the game's history—Donnie Smith, Tom Kivisto of Illinois, John

continued

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Williamson of Connecticut and Kentucky's 5' 9" Ronnie Lyons, who looks like Howdy Doodie and is an alabaster version of Niagara's three-time All-America, Calvin Murphy ("A honky Calvin," said an observer).

But the real battle was going to come when Searcy of the U.S. Stars moved in on McMillen. Called the Human Shot Receptor by eager recusers, the star from New York City's Power Memorial had been stung by the praise for McMillen and the adverse publicity his Power teammate, Len Elmore, had received after Power defeated Mansfield back in January.

"Lenny didn't play McMillen but eight minutes because of foul trouble," said Searcy, "but McMillen is the fair-haired boy and gets the ink. They say he got 20 rebounds. It never happened. He can only go left, he doesn't box out well and he plays no defense. I want to play him again. It's not a grudge, but I'm going to do him in for Lenny's sake."

Searcy, talking with Sullinger the night

before the game, said, "I'll pass the ball enough. If you and Texas [Jones] dance on McMillen, it's all over because I guarantee you he won't dance on me. I'll shove the ball down his throat."

"Hey," said Sullinger, "a cat who gets 40 points a game is doing it against dudes who don't care. A cat who scores 20 on me the first half is going to finish the game with 20 because I'll break his arm."

McMillen, aware of his opponents' hard feelings, was less violent. "Searcy is hostile, but he can really leap—woosh, like that," he said. "But he's the easiest man in this game to guard. I don't want to sound cocky, but I'd just like to play anybody here one-on-one."

On Friday night the U.S. Stars took a quick lead, and Searcy stuffed McMillen's first shot back in his face. Though the U.S. guards gave every indication of developing gunner's cramp, their team dominated play and led by nine at the end of the first quarter.

McMillen, scoring on soft left-handed hooks from the side, and Ray Edel-

man, a hot-shooting guard, brought the home team to within one just before halftime, but then the U.S. spurted again. Toward the three-quarter mark, Pennsylvania once more got the margin down to three when McMillen scored six straight points, but in the fourth quarter, visibly worn out from lack of rest, McMillen hardly touched the ball until the game was out of reach. Big D finished with 17 points and 11 rebounds to win the MVP award for the U.S., while McMillen, as expected, won the most-valuable award for Pennsylvania and was immediately adjudged all-world by the visiting coaches.

"It's been every man for himself this week," said little Lyons, pleased with the winning effort. He was talking about the players, but the description also suited the coachy figures lurking in the shadows of the locker rooms. They were busy—working, working, working. On April 15 McMillen will announce his choice of school. The work will pay off for somebody. **END**

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One more winner for the Derby list

On and on grows the number of colts with a chance at the roses

Forty-two years ago next month, a record 22 horses lined up at Churchill Downs for the 54th Kentucky Derby won by Reigh Count. The way things are going this year, it would be no surprise if 50 showed up in Louisville on May 2. After last week's one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct, every one of the 193 Derby nominees might be considered qualified for the starting gate at the 96th Derby.

What happened was that Calumet Farm's non-Derby eligible Sunny Tim, a double stakes winner at the meeting, went off as the 13-to-10 favorite in the field of eight and proceeded to stagger home fifth, beaten three lengths by Native Royalty, a colt he had kicked by four lengths just two weeks before. Also ahead of Sunny Tim in this rather startling mile was Delaware Chief, a colt that had distinguished himself by finishing 10th in the Feb. 26 San Jacinto at Santa Anita. The third horse in the Gotham was Sonny Werhlin's Silent Screen, making his first start since his defeat in the Flamingo, while fourth was Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Personality. A crazy season? Consider this: the last time Native Royalty and Silent Screen met, Native Royalty finished 39 lengths to the rear!

Well, it may not all be quite as silly as it sounds, but the Gotham was just one more of the winter and spring races demonstrating that the 3-year-old division has no clear leader. A year ago this week, only four horses were seriously considered as Derby winners. They were Majestic Prince, Arts and Letters,

Dike and Top Knight, and they finished one-two-three-five. This week close to three dozen colts can be put in the category of hopefuls for the big race and a dozen have a good chance of winning.

Before the Gotham, Sunny Tim's trainer, Downey Bonsal, said his colt's only chance after breaking out of the No. 3 stall would be to get outside, which is the one place where he seems interested in running. But he never got to the outside and never did run much.

Even more interest centered around Silent Screen and his flamboyant owner, whose list of 24 guests at the race included Johnny Carson, Robert Sarnoff and Toots Shor. "If he's his old self," Werhlin said, "he should win from this bunch." Silent Screen, it turned out, was very nearly his old self, but inside the 16th pole he became a somewhat tired old self. This was understandable, considering that he had been away from the races since March 3 and was giving away weight to every horse in the field except High Echelon, who finished sixth.

As expected, Delaware Chief shot to the lead under Braulio Bueza. Silent Screen and Jockey Johnny Rotz went right after him, while Native Royalty, who had come away from the gate badly, trailed. Silent Screen moved to within a head of Delaware Chief on the turn for home but after that never did look like a winner. Instead it was Native Royalty, swinging to the outside under a fine ride by Angel Cordero, who just got up in the last couple of strides to beat Delaware Chief by a head. Silent



NATIVE ROYALTY JOINS UP, BEATING DELAWARE CHIEF (ON RAIL) AND SILENT SCREEN

Screen was only three-quarters of a length behind Delaware Chief. "I think his race, considering everything, was pretty darn good," said Rotz later. "Don't forget that he was carrying his Derby weight of 126 pounds, and both horses that beat him were in with 114. As tired as he was, he would have won this race at equal weights—and they'll all be carrying 126 in the Wood Memorial and Derby."

Trainer Bower Bond intends to put Silent Screen in the Wood on April 18, pointing out: "He may not have run a great race, but he certainly ran a good one. He came from Florida by van because of the air-traffic problems and got in only one good work in New York. He had never run on this track before, but he didn't seem to mind it."

And what about the winner? Obviously this son of Rasse A Native and the Nasrullah mare Queen Nasra is not a bad sort. He was homebred by Lou Wolfson and was included in the group of 36 horses that Wolfson sold to his sons Gary, Martin and Stephen a year ago. Gary Wolfson, representing his brothers and their Happy Valley Farm, agreed with Trainer Jim Davis after the Gotham that Native Royalty would either go in the Wood or be shipped out to Keeneland for the April 23 Blue Grass Stakes. "But we are definitely pointing for the Derby," said Gary as he beamed approvingly at the colt who had won his first stakes victory. It probably won't be his last.

Not all the better eastern Derby nominees

continued

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HORSE RACING *(Continued)*

nees showed up for the Gotham, and among those who missed it but will probably go in the Wood are Burd Alane, Parasol Pete and, perhaps, Stop Time. The Flamingo and Florida Derby winner, My Dad George, is going directly to Churchill Downs, while Dr. Behrman, who was a fast-closing fourth in the Florida Derby, is aiming for the Blue Grass along with Naskra, winner of the Lexington. Santa Anita Derby winner Terlago is heading for Kentucky, as is third-place finisher Aggressively.

Other California-based nominees, such as George Lewis, Cool Hand and Plenty Old, may yet wind up at Churchill Downs but will probably take a final test in the \$100,000 California Derby on April 18 at Golden Gate Fields in San Francisco. There they will run into a colt named Seven Hunters who beat Terlago, Aggressively and Cool Hand in the mud at Bay Meadows last December over a mile and 1/16.

When all of these gather in Kentucky, they will meet colts already stabled at Keeneland and prepping for the Blue Grass. Dark horses have popped out of the Keeneland meeting before, and this time around it could be Jackal, Special Secret or even Joe Namath. Proud Clarion came from nowhere in 1967 and won the Derby for John Galbreath. The same stable, Darby Dan, could do it again with Out of the Mist.

Then, of course, there's old favorite Protanto, Charlie Engelhard's son of Native Dancer and the Tom Fool mare Foolish One. Last fall Protanto won the Remsen by five lengths, but since that moment of glory he has run in five stakes and finished sixth twice and seventh three times. During this period he's been trained by three experts—Boddy Hirsch, Elliott Burch and MacKenzie Miller. Today all three would probably agree with one veteran horseman who watched Protanto run a dismal sixth in the Flamingo and said, "He's big and strong and looks as though he should be a real runner. But he reminds me of a great big old lazy fighter that you have to get mad. When you jerk the stool out from under him, you have to hit him in the butt with a wet towel and yell, 'Get mad and fight!'"

If all these runners get mad and light at Churchill Downs on the afternoon of May 2 it will be quite a scene. But that's the kind of 3-year-old season this has been.

END



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HOCKEY / Mark Mulvoy

Chicago! New York! Miltown!

Tranquilizers were useful at the close of the NHL's frantic last weekend as the Hawks won the East title and the Rangers made the playoffs

At sundown last Saturday the number of hours remaining in the National Hockey League's frantic East Division race had dwindled to a very few, and it was high time for a moment's reflection. The possibilities contained in the final games of the weekend were mind-mangling. One of four teams—Boston, Chicago, Detroit or Montreal—could finish in first place. Boston and Chicago could finish as low as fourth, while Detroit or Montreal could drop to fifth and miss out on the Stanley Cup playoffs entirely. New York, meanwhile, was in fifth place but could wind up as high as third. Also possible were two-team ties for the championship between Boston-Chicago, Boston-Detroit, Detroit-Chicago, Detroit-Montreal or Montreal-Boston, and three-team ties among Boston-Chicago-Detroit or Boston-Detroit-Montreal. What madness.

Derek Sanderson, the mod center of the Boston Bruins, assessed the situation perfectly. "These two games this weekend," he said, "will mean the difference between spending the summer on Cape Cod or on the Italian Riviera. And I'd go big on the Italian Riviera."

The top contenders for first place, of course, were the Bruins and the Chicago Black Hawks, who were tied for the lead with 95 points—two more than Detroit, three more than Montreal and five more than New York. Boston was favored—at least on paper—because of its home-and-home series with the last-place Toronto Maple Leafs, and though Boston had not won a regular-season game at Maple Leaf Gardens since 1965, the Bruins were, as they say, hungry. Meanwhile the Black Hawks would have to play home-and-home with the defending champion Montreal Canadiens, who never lose both games of such a series. Do they, Toe Blake?

The Bruins were loose and talkative as they drove to Saturday night's game Center Phil Esposito, the league's No. 2

scorer behind Bobby Orr, had injured his back in Friday's practice and was a doubtful starter, but this would not be a weekend for excuses. "Tell the driver," said Coach Harry Sinden, "to stop in the Italian section and get me a couple of guys Esposito's size to play to-night. They got to be left shots, too."

Esposito did play, however, and scored after only 2:31 of the first period. Seven minutes later, after goals by Orr, Ken Hodge and Sanderson, Boston led 4-0. "Let them show that score in Montreal," the Boston players thought. "Yeah, that will show 'em."

They did show the Boston score at the Montreal Forum, but the Black Hawks never looked at it. Chicago trounced Montreal 4-1, while the Bruins defeated Toronto 4-2, and the two clubs still were tied for the lead.

"Chicago bent us and beat us good," said the Canadiens' Bobby Rousseau. Jean Beliveau, captain of the Canadiens said, "They handled us perfectly. They had two men on the puck carrier every time." In the late moments of the game Bobby Hull had a wide smile on his face as he stole the puck from Montreal forwards. At one point, with an empty net in front of him, Hull pawed up a certain goal to maintain possession of the puck and kill the clock.

Rousseau offered another explanation for the Black Hawks' astounding success this year. "Last year, remember, they finished in sixth place, and a man named Disension played left wing for them. I noticed that when Dennis Hull got his 100th goal tonight he skated over and gave the puck to [Coach] Billy Reay to keep for him. You always give the puck to the trainer in a case like that. That must mean there is more togetherness between Reay and his players than anyone can ever imagine."

On the Bruins' flight after Saturday's game, Sinden and Orr applauded the Hawks' victory. "No complaints from

continued

HO

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HOCKEY *continued*

me," the coach said. "We went into Montreal last Wednesday and the Canadiens bombed us. Chicago went in there tonight and bombed the Canadiens. They did what we didn't do." Orr agreed, "We didn't do it."

The Red Wings, who had missed the playoffs the last three seasons, drank champagne Saturday night after routing New York 6-2 to assure themselves a position no lower than third. Led by the Medicine twins, Gordie Howe and Alex Delvecchio, and a rejuvenated Frank Mahovlich, the Wings lost only two of 18 games in their run for a play-off spot.

Howe scored the decisive goals in the win over New York, and after the game he stood in a shower stall tilting a glass of the wine. "Way to go, leader!" yelled Garry Unger, who is half Howe's age. Howe laughed. After playing three games in four nights he was very tired, and there would be four games in five nights during the first round of the playoffs. "Do you think if I put on an act they'd let me stay home and not play in New York tomorrow?" he asked.

As the clock ticked on in this cloud-cuckoo-land of suspense the Rangers were left with one improbable route into the playoffs. This path was made possible by hockey's tie-breaking rules as applied to the season's final standings. If two teams tie for a position in points, the one having the fewer victories drops a notch lower. If the teams have the same number of victories, the loser is the one with the fewer goals. If each has scored the same number of goals, the category of goals-against becomes decisive.

The staggering Rangers came off their Saturday defeat still two points—one victory—behind the Canadiens. A victory over Detroit Sunday afternoon back on the friendly ice of Madison Square Garden would bring them even with Montreal in points and wins, but they would have to score like crazy to overcome the Canadiens' five-goal advantage in the scoring column—and, of course, Montreal would have to lose its last game to Chicago.

Up from oblivion rose the Rangers with one of the most remarkable barages of shots ever laid on a hockey net: four goals in the last period, three in the second, two in the third. And then in the last four minutes, and with 17,250 hysterics screaming "More! More! More!" Coach Emile Francis

continued



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pulled goalie Eddie Gaucanin intermittently in order to put another forward on the ice. The Rangers got no more, but they had plenty already, ultimately winning 9-5, and you can imagine the fear in Montreal as the Canadiens faced the now very likely prospect of missing the playoffs for the first time in 22 years.

As the evening games began, the Bruins felt there was no way they could lose to the outmanned Leafs on home ice, but they were painfully aware that even as they did Chicago probably would win, too, and thus beat them for the East Division championship by virtue of having more victories. And it was no easy win for the Bruins. Duvey Koon of the Leafs popped in a long shot late in the first period. That goal was recouped by Boston's John McKenzie early in the second (with an assist by Bobby Orr, recently turned 22, who thus completed his run for the scoring title with 120 points), but it was not until the last period that pesky Derek Sanderson scored from a melee in front of the net to put Boston ahead. That proved to be the winning goal. Ken Hodge added another.

In the dressing room all the Bruins except Eddie Westfall poured champagne from bottles Orr had salvaged from his birthday party. Westfall swigged at a Coke. "I won't drink champagne until we're No. 1," he vowed.

At that moment the Hawks and Canadiens had finished two periods of a game that was to become even more bizarre than the one in New York, and Chicago led 3-2. With just over nine minutes left in the final period the Hawks went ahead 5-2 on Pat Martin's third goal—and Montreal Coach Claude Ruel started pulling goalie Rogatien Vachon every time the Canadiens got possession of the puck. A debacle ensued. The Hawks scored five more goals, the Canadiens none. For the first time in history there would be no Canadian-based team in the Stanley Cup playoffs. For the first time since 1967 Chicago had a title.

"We're No. 1!" the 21,000 Hawk fans in Chicago Stadium shouted over and over again in the closing minutes. "We're No. 1!"

"We've done one thing," said Billy Reay, rather calmly. "Now we've got to do something else."

Ah, yes, the playoffs were to start in midweek. Funny how nobody felt in the mood to count the hours until they began.

END

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BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Part of baseball's storied past was a hirsute nine called the House of David, which traveled from town to town playing the best in local semipro talent. The bearded players were the product of a unique religious sect that still exists

THE HAIRIEST





Their ranks are dwindling now and the beards on the old men are ashen and brittle, but the people huddled together in a wooded colony on the outskirts of Benton Harbor, Mich., continue to yearn for the future rather than the past. For them the past is bound up with a stern and shadowy building in their midst known as the Diamond House. The teenspeople in Benton Harbor will tell you, though few if any claim to have seen for themselves, that the Diamond House contains the embalmed body of the colony's founder, and they will go on to confide tales about him of the darkest kind. Although these tales once brought the man front-page notoriety, his gentle followers always felt more at home back in the sports section. For they had their own traveling baseball team, and, forget about the skimpy names of your Ken Harrelsons and the lean nutcrackers of your Richie Allens, they played the game in jungle-dense beards and hair so long that it had to be braided.

This team, like the religious sect it represented, was known far and wide as the House of *... named*

TEAM OF ALL



David. Although it would be nice to tell you that the Diamond House was so called out of lofty honor for the national game, the name was inspired, in fact, by the sparkling composition of the building's stone surface. As for the man whose remains are said to reside inside, his name was Benjamin Franklin Purnell, or *is*, rather, for he is still very much alive in the memories of surviving House of David members who regard him as God's seventh angelic messenger. They steadfastly believe, in the face of the ignominy and insult of past years, that those faithful to his teachings can hope to wind up among the 144,000 elect who, it is written, one day will inherit the earth. And they continue to wait for the jubilant day when he will rise to accompany them into the millennium.

Considering that he died in 1927, it is fair to regard the late Benjamin Purnell as late in more ways than one. Yet the older the remnants of his flock become, the stronger their spirits, if not their bodies, seem to grow. Moving between the Diamond House and rambling frame structures bearing such Biblical names as Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Shiloh, they pool their worldly possessions and go quietly about their appointed tasks—preparing meals and canning fruit, making picture frames and running printing presses—with a self-sufficiency that would be the envy of the purest of hippie communes. In accordance with the Biblical injunction that “the wages of sin is death,” they remain celibate (even in marriage) and they scrupulously refrain from eating meat. To this day the men among them keep their hair and beards unshorn in emulation of Jesus, whom they consider “our pattern and our waymark.”

Notwithstanding Purnell's own very mortal fate, the objective of all this is immortality, pure and simple. “We believe that there is nothing impossible with God,” says Tom Dewhurst, the colony's full-bearded, pigtailed secretary, who used to be a heavy-hitting outfielder on the baseball team. “The Bible tells us that the righteous shall never be removed, and that the wicked shall not inhabit the earth. Although we don't know which of us will make it, we're all striving for the highest glory.”

Glory was something the sect once knew a great deal of, but that was many years ago. Today in the here-and-now, the walk-up House of David Hotel in downtown Benton Harbor demands rents in advance and posts signs warning *NO LOAFING*. Along the old highway to Chicago, the colony's florid Grande Vista Motor Court has been converted to kitchenettes, and its nightclub, once frequented by such notables as Clarence Darrow and George Raft, houses a flea market. And business at the

block-square House of David cold-storage plant near downtown Benton Harbor has fallen off sharply now that the big open-air fruit market that used to be across the street has moved to the outskirts of town.

As its many business interests atest, the House of David was an enterprising sect, one that saw no theological conflict between its material and spiritual pursuits. On the contrary, the colony even had its own amusement park. Best known for miniature steam locomotives that chug around the grounds, the park still exists, but the zoo, aviary and artificial lake are gone. So is Manna Woodworth's bearded orchestra, whose frisky rendition of *Down by the Ohio* used to keep things bouncing in the colony's wooded beer gardens.

Gone, too, is the House of David's musty 3,500-seat ball park, which in later years was used for everything from circuses and Little League practice to wrestling promotions starring Gorgeous George. A trailer camp now occupies the site, and all that remains of the old baseball park is the outfield fence, standing alone as if excavated by archaeologists.

When Benjamin Purnell finally gets around to returning, it is doubtful that he or anyone else will be of any mind to resuscitate the old House of David baseball team, the colony's most famed possession. Even more than the amusement park, Manna Woodworth's musicians and other offshoots of the sect, the baseball team belonged irredeemably to times past. It was the product of an era, before television and sports expansion encouraged the civic boosters of every hamlet to start thinking of themselves in big-league terms, in which people were still provincial enough to go to the circus to see bearded ladies, or to the ball park to see bearded ballplayers.

But the House of David team went well beyond being a mere curiosity. It played tight defense, circumnavigated the bases with real savvy and usually—not always, but usually—gave the locals a lesson in how the game was meant to be played. The beards were no hindrance, not even to the catcher, whose whiskers looked like Spanish moss protruding through his face mask. Nor could even the hardest slide unravel the players' long braids, which they wore tucked under their caps (although they sometimes let their hair down between innings to amuse the crowd). And in hot weather, or so some of the players wryly insisted, the beards provided shade and functioned as a personal air-conditioning system.

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through the mid-1950s, there was a team—and sometimes two, three or more—out on the road representing the House of David. Playing upwards of 185 games a season, the men of the House of David had their biggest following in towns like Kewanee, Ill. (pop. 16,000), where they once drew 10,000 fans, and Great Falls, Mont., where a local newspaper hailed the visitors as “the one big baseball attraction of the year.” Everywhere they went they wowed the fans with exploits that a sportswriter in El Dorado, Ark., engaging in the kind of wordplay that long tresses seem to inspire, called “hair-raising.”

If the thrills failed to come in the regular course of the game, the players enlisted matters with some well-rehearsed bits of grandstanding. John Tucker, the first baseman, deftly caught pop flies behind his back. And whenever Eddy (New) Deal was on third base there was no telling when he might go backward and steal second. Some of the zaniest antics came during the celebrated pepper game, a sleight-of-hand routine in which a group of House of David players tossed the baseball around with such lightning speed that it was almost impossible for the eye to follow. Sometimes it would disappear, only to be located, inevitably, deep inside somebody's beard. The pepper game, promised the posters that went into store windows shortly before the House of David arrived in town, was “worth the price of admission alone.”

Most of the monkeyshines were confined to the field. Away from the diamond, the House of David itinerants were as well-behaved a bunch as you could find in baseball, proving, perhaps, that long hair and bushy beards do not necessarily signify a devilish deportment. Whatever drinking and carousing did occur was usually the work of the outside ballplayers who let their beards grow out so that they could play for the House of David. Purists may consider it somehow dishonorable that the House of David beefed up the ball club with hired professionals, but the colony always defended the practice. “When a ballplayer signs up with the White Sox, he puts on a uniform that says Chicago,” argues Secretary Dewhurst. “But that doesn't mean he's from Chicago. And with us, the beards were part of the uniform.”

Far from trying to put anything over on anybody, there were some hard outsiders who never bothered to grow beards, including Grover Cleveland Alexander, who pitched for the colony—clean-shaven—after his major league career ended in 1930. It is doubtful, at any rate, that the House of David could have remained a big-time attraction for very long had it continued to rely only on its own men. Even during its heyday in the 1920s, the colony had only about 600 members, roughly half of them women. The real wonder is not that it resorted to employing professional outsiders, but that it managed to produce as many good ballplayers from within the fold as it did.

What made the team all the more remarkable was that so many of the House of David's players were foreign-

born, having been brought to the U.S. when their parents emigrated to join the colony. Dave Harrison and the Hanaford brothers, Horace and Ezra, came from Australia; Charlie Falkenstein from Germany; Ernie Selby from England. Australian-born Art Vieritz, who became the colony's centerfielder and stolen-base artist, had never seen a baseball before arriving in Benton Harbor at 16.

Ask how a baseball team blossomed from such improbable soil and everyone answers with a shrug of the shoulders. Harrison, the former third baseman who now drives a truck on the colony grounds, says, “I guess it just happened to be, that's all. I suppose it was one of those things that you can't explain.”

Whatever the explanation, baseball brought great benefits to the House of David. Financially, the fact that the colony drew so many of the players from its own ranks held down the team's payroll; estimates of profits during the early years run upward from \$10,000 a season. And the success of the team around the country boosted morale back home, giving the young boys in the colony something to aspire to and everybody something to bust buttons over. Just as governments have been known to use foreign adventures to rally their people, members of the House of David saw baseball as a means of doing glorious battle in the outside world.

Besides the players themselves, the House of David's emissaries abroad included William Frye, a stout and nattily attired colony member who for many years went along on the team's junkets in the dual, and not incompatible, roles of evangelist and public-relations man. Frye circulated through the crowd selling postcards, dispensing religious tracts and deftly fencing with hecklers who turned out to taunt the bearded visitors, sometimes good-naturedly, sometimes not. The players could always make out where in the stands their postcard salesman happened to be from the laughter that swept through the crowd.

As traveling men, the House of David ballplayers had nothing on the peripatetic Benjamin Purnell. The youngest of a dozen children, Purnell was born in 1861 in a log cabin near Maysville, Ky., a setting, a House of David publication said years later, that “brought to mind the simplicity and surroundings that marked the nativity of the Firstborn Son of God, Jesus.” An intelligent, blue-eyed, curly-haired boy, Ben was raised by his hill-country parents on a steady diet of Scripture, and soon he was preaching up a storm. “The Scriptures are like an old fiddle,” an early neighbor marveled, “and Benjamin can play the best tune of all.”

Benjamin worked both as a railroad tunnel watchman and broom-maker, but he was the restless type from the start. In 1877, still only 16, he married a neighbor girl named Angeline Brown and fathered a child but soon left to go “visiting.” Without bothering to get a divorce, Benjamin married again, this time 17-year-old Mary Stol-

continued

lard, a girl from the next county who was to play a central role in the destinies of both Benjamin and the House of David. With Mary by his side, Benjamin traveled around Kentucky, into Ohio and up through the Great Lakes region, pamphleteering, preaching and passing the hat. They made their way by foot, bicycle and horse-drawn carnival wagon, living by their wits and Benjamin's not inconsiderable talents as a spellbinder.

During this circuitous journey of his, Benjamin took to studying the writings of a small but durable fundamentalist cult that had its origins with an 18th century Englishwoman named Joanna Southcott. Joanna, it seems, had attracted quite a following after proclaiming herself the first of the seven angelic messengers spoken of in *Revelation* 10:7. "But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished. . . ." Following Joanna's death in 1814, England managed to produce a more or less orderly progression of second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth self-styled messengers to succeed her. After that, it awaited only the seventh and last messenger to come along and fulfill God's mystery in the end of days. The bearded, Gospel-spouting members of the sect came to be known as the Flying Rollers. Some found their way to Australia and others to the U.S., a particularly active group gathering in Detroit under Michael Mills, who in 1891 proclaimed himself the long-awaited seventh messenger. Instead of leading anybody into the millennium, Mills himself was led away to jail after being convicted on charges of seducing the daughters of his flock in so-called purification rites.

Among those who found their way to Detroit in the 1890s were Benjamin and Mary Purcell, along with their two children, Hettie and Coy. It was in due time revealed

to Benjamin's own satisfaction that he, Benjamin—and not Mills—was the true seventh messenger. Few of Detroit's Flying Rollers would have any of that, but Purcell, undaunted, resumed his travels and, by the force of his preachments and personality, picked up disciples along the way. One stop was Fostoria, Ohio, where in February 1903 an explosion in a fireworks factory killed eight people. The dead included 16-year-old Hettie Purcell, who had been working in the factory.

As one who professed to hold the secret to eternal life, Benjamin was embarrassed and no doubt distressed by the death of his daughter. Outwardly, his reaction to the tragedy was so indifferent—he supposedly refused to claim the body—that his Fostoria neighbors rose against him in abhorrence. On St. Patrick's Day of 1903 Benjamin, who had been corresponding with a group of Flying Rollers in Benton Harbor, arrived there with Mary and Coy. He established the House of David and declared that the time had come for what he called the regathering of Israel.

To populate the infant colony, Benjamin soon undertook an around-the-world journey to Australia, where followers of John Wroe, the fifth messenger, still lived. On his arrival there he reminded them of Wroe's prophecy: "When Thou art at home Thou shalt be in America." He also invoked the words of the sixth messenger, James Keene, uttered on a visit to the U.S. years before: "O happy Michigan, out of thee shall come a Star." In this way Benjamin convinced many of Wroe's people that he was the long-awaited Messianic deliverer. On his return in early 1905, he was accompanied by 85 Australians, including enough musicians to make up a brass band. As townspeople looked on in wonderment, they strutted out of the Benton Harbor train station, horns tooting and hair flowing, and grandly marched to their new communal home.

In 1908 an amusement park was opened to entertain the curious throngs that the thriving colony of so-called Israelites was already attracting. The lucky visitor could hope to catch a glimpse of Brother Benjamin himself, clad in a white suit and matching hat, riding across the grounds astride a snow-white steed. The tourists who visited the House of David in the early days came mostly by interurban from neighboring communities and by steamship from Chicago. Ring Lardner left an account of his visit: "It sounds like a roadhouse," but "it was even better in that. You couldn't get nothin' to drink, but they was plenty to see and hear—band concerts, male and female, movin' pictures; a zoo; a bowlin' alley, and more funny-lookin' people than I ever seen at an amusement park before."

It was during this prosperous period that the traveling baseball team was born. The young boys had taken to baseball, usually in the form of rounders, which they played once the day's chores were done. They began to compete against boys' teams from neighboring communities, meanwhile polishing their baseball skills by helpfully shagging fly balls and working out

continued





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with a local semipro team called the Speed Boys.

The young men of the colony, some with only the sparsest facial foliage, were soon beating the best factory teams in the area. As their reputation and prowess grew, they traveled more widely through Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, including expeditions into Chicago to play such teams as the Duffy Florals and Rube Foster's Chicago American Giants. By this time the House of David had built its own ball park but the best players were seldom at home any more. A New York hooker had persuaded it to schedule a tour through the East, an undertaking that was a rousing promotional success. By the early 1920s the House of David club was a major attraction.

"We had overflow crowds everywhere," recalls the club's catcher, Charlie Falkenstein, an ex-colony member who is now a florist in Buchanan, Mich. "In Shibe Park in Philadelphia we played the Bacharach Giants of Atlanta: City before 22,000 people. Come Mack came around and shook our hands. He said he wished the Athletics could draw like that."

On the field the successes did not come so easily—at least not at first. Taking on the classiest semipro teams in the East, the House of David was lucky to win half its games. A couple of colony players—Pitcher-Outfielder Jesse (Doc) Tally and Shortstop Walter (Dutch) Faust—were as good as most minor-leaguers, and maybe even a few major-leaguers. "The rest of us then weren't so great," concedes Ezra (Cookie) Hannaford, a colony dropout who lives today in Glendale, Calif. "But we tried to develop baseball sense, didn't make too many errors—and at last we knew how to push a guy around. We played well together, and once in a while we won a game or two even when we were out of our class." At first the outside professionals on the team were limited to a few players like Bull Heckman, a sometime minor-leaguer who could hit the long ball, but the addition of a couple of others was all it took to turn a fair ball club into a powerful one.

Although the ballplayers traveled in the splendor of 12-cylinder Packards, the going was hard. What passed for an interstate system in the early days consisted of roads that were made of clay or gravel and, particularly out West, were often overgrown with high grass. These conditions, though, were no great obstacle to the driver of one of the Packards, Hans (Barney) Dalager, the team's longtime baggageman. Dalager, so the story goes, was usually the last to leave one town and the first to reach the next—and he somehow did it without passing anybody. His nickname was inspired by Barney Oldfield, the race driver.

While its best players were out seeing the country, the House of David was maintaining what amounted to a farm system in Benton Harbor—a boys' team, a girls' team and a men's nine that played home games for the benefit of pleasure-seekers visiting the amusement park. An out-of-town writer who visited the colony in the early

1920s told of watching the House of David defeat "a smart semipro team from Chicago" by a score of "32 to 0, or perhaps it was 42 to 0," only to be informed by a proud colony member: "And this is only our second team. The first team is touring the east. They've won 14 out of 15 games thus far."

The same writer doggedly tried to arrange an interview with Benjamin Purnell but received the brush-off from his underlings. What he did not know was that clouds of scandal were starting to gather over the House of David. And even though baseball games and the colony's other commercial activities were going on as usual, Benjamin, far from submitting to any interviews, was doing a fast disappearing act. By early 1923, with charges swirling about reminiscent of those that had proved the undoing of Michael Mills back in Detroit, Benjamin was a fugitive, and the Michigan attorney general launched an inquiry into his activities.

Benjamin was missing for nearly four years, during which not even the death of his son Coy in early 1924 succeeded in bringing him out of hiding. Finally, late on the night of Nov. 16, 1926, acting on a tip from a disaffected ex-colony member, state troopers raided the House of David and used their way into the Diamond House. In secret quarters deep within the building, they found Benjamin, sickly and emaciated, attended by several women clad in nightgowns. The state brought receivership proceedings to have the colony abated as a public nuisance.

The 1920s were a decade of courtroom spectacles—Fatty Arbuckle, Scopes, Hall-Mills—and the House of David trial of 1927 had its moments, too. There were 15,000 pages of testimony, some of it claiming that Benjamin was immortal and some that he was miserably immoral. In the latter category was the revelation that he was a bigamist. Among the 250-odd witnesses who paraded to the stand was his first wife, Angelina Brown, who told the world that her long-lost husband had been "shiftless and no good."

The defense countered that the House of David leader was the victim of a vast plot hatched by a willful few who hoped to break up the colony and divide its wealth. Benjamin himself testified in the last days of the trial. Suffering from diabetes and tuberculosis, he was borne into court on a stretcher, a wizened man with a white beard who now weighed 117 pounds. Reclining, his head propped against pillows, he denied that he had ever taken liberties with the colony's young girls. Asked why he had gone into hiding rather than face his accusers, he replied simply: "It would have worked against the colony."

In early November the presiding judge declared the House of David a fraud and a public nuisance, ruled that a receivership be set up and ordered Benjamin exiled from the colony. The judge need not have bothered. On Dec. 16, 1927, five weeks later, Benjamin Purnell died at the age of 66. The faithful stood vigil for four days awaiting

continued

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his resurrection and then, under pressure from health officials to dispose of the remains, had his body embalmed, put inside a glass-topped coffin and placed in the Diamond House. That done, they continued to wait for "his return in whatever manner God ordains."

With Benjamin's death, however, an unrespected power struggle developed between his widow, Mary Purnell, and Harry T. Dewhirst, the present secretary's father, with the result that the House of David soon became a house divided. In early 1930 Sister Mary and her 200-odd followers moved a few hundred feet up Britain Avenue and established a rival settlement called the Israelite House of David as Reorganized by Mary Purnell—or more commonly, the City of David. With Mary went her chief lieutenant, Francis Thorpe, the longtime manager of the baseball team, and several of the colony's ballplayers, including the veteran Doc Tally and two infielders, John Tucker and George Anderson. With those three as the nucleus, Thorpe sent out a strong club that carried Mary's banner—but continued to use the House of David name.

There were also several ballplayers left in "Judge" Dewhirst's faction, among them the infielder Dave Harrison, young First Baseman Ernie Selby and Tom Dewhirst. Not to be outdone by the City of David, Judge Dewhirst fielded as many as three teams at once, each of which called itself the House of David.

To compound the confusion, there were always unauthorized teams out on the prowl (including an all-Negro club), billing themselves as the House of David. Sometimes, says Eddy Deal, who signed on as a catcher with one of Dewhirst's teams, "The colony would receive bills that these guys had run up. It was giving the real team a bad name."

Judge Dewhirst's teams played a number of exhibition games around the country in the 1930s against major league clubs, but it was one of the fake House of Davids that met the New York Yankees in a spring training exhibition in 1931, when Babe Ruth, as a gag, took the outfield in a beard as bogus as the opposition's name. In 1934 Dewhirst

filed suit in New York against the promoter of one group of shaggy imposters. Federal Judge John M. Woolsey, who had delivered the landmark *Ulysses* obscenity decision a few months before, enjoined the promoter from using the House of David name but refused to intervene in the matter of boards. The law allowed anybody, said the aptly named Woolsey, to "purposely imitate another's facial shagginess—even to the extent of following such topiary modification . . . as may have caught his fancy."

But beards and baseball alone were no longer enough during the Depression to assure large crowds. It was as an extra attraction, therefore, that one of the colony-sponsored teams hired Grover Cleveland Alexander. On one cross-country tour, during which the House of David played the Kansas City Monarchs for two solid months, Alexander, then in his mid-40s, and the Monarchs' Satchel Paige, presumably somewhat younger, pitched against each other for a couple of innings daily in a marathon duel that had all the fitful tension and disjointed drama of a floating crap game.

This game script—the big-name pitcher working the first two innings or so and then yielding to a reliever—was followed not only with Alexander but with such other hurlers as Babe Didrikson and Elmer Dean, brother of Dizzy and Duffy. As another gate attraction, the colony helped pioneer night baseball by traveling with a portable lighting system borrowed from the Kansas City Monarchs, an unwieldy rig consisting of poles, lights and generator. "Whenever a fly ball went above the lights, you couldn't see it," says Ernie Selby, who is now a plumbing contractor in Benton Harbor. "You just looked up and prayed, dear Lord, bring it here. And the generator in center field was so loud you couldn't hear a thing."

Another distraction was "donkey baseball," which the House of David played on the backs of donkeys as a side attraction to the team's regular game. It was never quite as rollicking as its name seemed to promise, and if something else killed vaudeville donkey baseball was certainly one of the death

convulsions of House of David baseball. With many of the old ballplayers gone, the colony's various clubs now had far more ringers than ringlets, and the payrolls were rising accordingly. In the late 1930s Judge Dewhurst quietly folded the traveling baseball operation.

The City of David's team continued to struggle along, even after the loss of the crowd-pleasing John Tucker, who dropped out of the colony in 1946, and the formidable Doc Tally, who died in 1950 at the age of 54 while getting ready for another season. The club was kept alive by bewhiskered George Anderson, who every spring took an assortment of hired ballplayers around the country to meet competition wherever it could still be found. During the 1940s and 1950s, Anderson also assembled a House of David basketball team, which toured for a while with the Harlem Globetrotters. One featured performer was Bill Spivey, the 7-footer from the University of Kentucky who had been banned from pro basketball for allegedly shaving points in college. With the cagers, as with the baseballers, there was little shaving of any kind. In basketball, though, the beards could be a disadvantage, since opposing players occasionally found it an effective defensive tactic to grab themselves a handful of whiskers.

Not until 1955 did the baseball enterprise come to an end. The last couple of seasons, during which the baseball team traveled in Ford station wagons, had been fraught with financial trouble and beset by an unusual number of rained-out games, which traveling teams can seldom hope to make up. Anderson, the playing manager, decided to call it quits. As the only remaining colony member on the club, he thus became the last of the House of David ballplayers. Lean and quick-handed, he was a pretty fair third baseman on that final team. He was 45 years old.

Instead of going out on the road to play baseball as he had for three decades, Anderson soon had to face up to the prospect of life in the cloistered confines of the City of David. He shaved off his beard and left the colony "I still believed in the faith," says Ander-

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son, now transportation supervisor of public schools in Benton Harbor's twin city of St. Joseph, "but I realized that the life there just wasn't for me. I'd been moving around all those years, and now I felt lost, I had to get out."

During the early years some House of David members quit to the belief that the colony, steeped in business and eventually tainted by scandal, had become too worldly. With later dropouts like Anderson, the problem, in effect, was that it was no longer worldly enough. Either way, all these defections, along with death and accelerated attrition brought on by the practice of celibacy, have combined to erode the membership rolls. Today the two rival factions together probably have no more than 150 members, most of them past 60, and it is a rare day when a new member joins.

The bitter feelings that rent the colony in 1930 have pretty much subsided. Judge Dewhurst died in 1947 at 66. Mary Purnell in 1953 at 91. As for Benjamin, most colony members seem to believe his remains still reside in the Diamond House, but Tom Dewhurst is evasive on the subject. As Dewhurst knows only too well, Benjamin is remembered by outsiders less as God's seventh messenger than as some sort of *King of the Haven Haven*, as a paperback biography published in 1960 put it. A shrill, partially fictionalized account based loosely on transcripts of the 1927 trial, the book was subtitled "the amazing true story of a daring charlatan who ran a virgin love cult in America." It sold 135,000 copies, 5,000 in Benton Harbor.

Ask Dewhurst directly whether Benjamin's embalmed body is still in the Diamond House and he becomes defensive. "No, it's not," he says testily. "That's one of the last people have told without bothering to get the facts straight."

"Theo is the unembalmed body there?"

"That's none of anybody's business."

"Then, how can anybody hope to get the facts straight?"

"Well, I'm not going to help them by talking about it."

Dewhurst and the others of the faith are reluctant to entertain the possibility

of the House of David's extinction, nor are they eager to discuss the eventual disposition of the colony's still substantial assets. They expect the millennium to arrive following a devastating cataclysm, and they imply that the predestined event could occur when the membership dwindles to 50 or so. "Our writings teach us," says Dewhurst, "that when 50 are searched out in America, then they will come in by the fifties, hundreds and the thousands." Bob Griggs, a prominent figure in the rival City of David, argues: "When the proper time comes they'll arrive in great hordes. We're working toward that end now."

And so, sustained by their great faith, the aging brothers and sisters of a religious sect that once fielded its own baseball teams continue to live and work and wait in Benton Harbor. Following the death of Benjamin Purnell in 1927, a Boston-based weekly magazine called the *Independent* cheerfully delivered an epitaph. "The infamous House of David is drawing near its end," the magazine said. "Nobody will miss the institution." As things turned out, it was the *Independent* that was drawing near its end—it merged with another magazine nine months later—and the House of David has outlived it by 42 years. With that precedent, we will avoid making any further predictions of the colony's imminent demise.

Instead, let it simply be said, using the parlance of its favorite game, that the House of David seems to be going through a rather prolonged slump. As Dave Harrison, talking baseball on a bench near the Diamond House, observed of slumps not long ago: "When you're not hitting, the thing to do is to just wait it out. Before you know it, you'll get a hit and all of a sudden everything'll be all right again." Had he chosen, the bush-headed ex-infielder might have put it the way that Brother Benjamin, preparing his followers for dire days ahead, did many years ago.

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On the Trail of the Honeybee

Wild bees are an elusive quarry, and the reward for the hunter who plots the location of their tree is sweet by RUSSELL LAMAN

That trip into the woods really began for me the day I received a puzzling postcard. "Come up this weekend," it read, "the hunting is fine." That was all my friend Milt had seen fit to say—and it stumped me because I couldn't figure out what we would be hunting. Duck season had not yet opened. There had been a frost to scatter the doves and boost them on south. The leaves had colored but not yet fallen, making squirreling next to hopeless. Maybe he's found a crow roost, I thought. But I didn't doubt Milt.

Milt and I had grown up almost as brothers, fishing bullheads and running traplines—and had been sent home from the country school together for smelling too strongly of the skunks we caught. Milt never did say anything on his postcards to enlighten the public, and so whenever he summoned me I just picked up and went—if it were humanly possible.

Milt grinned when I drove up the following afternoon. Both my '22 and my '12-gauge double were lying in their cases across the back seat cushion. "We won't need the artillery," he said.

Without raising questions I left the guns in my car and climbed into the cab of the pickup he had already loaded with a canvas thrown over some stuff in the rear box. Milt's wife Molly waved greetings and goodbye from the kitchen doorway as we rattled past, out of the yard. On the highway I poked my head out of the open window to feel the warm Indian Summer sun and looked over the rolling landscape of my boyhood, spotted with patches of corn and separated by creeks and wooded fencerows.

Milt's family had lived in that community for three generations. They not only own quite a spread of land, but with Milt along as a passport you can hunt far and near on any neighbor's premises. We drove about a mile and turned down a dusty lane toward one of those weatherbeaten and windowless farmhouses left abandoned with the coming of large-scale tractor farming. We drove past the fallen-down sheds and through a gate and along a fence line to a ravine with a waterhole surrounded by blooming smartweeds as heavy-seeded as buckwheat. There Milt stopped the truck. From the glove compartment he took a little brown and crusted box with a sliding glass lid. "It's yours," he said, as he handed it to me. "I dug it

out of the attic. I guess you remember how to use it."

I reached for the bee box as hesitantly as if I were attempting to grasp a miniature ghost. It felt real and solid in my fingers, and I looked at the comb of honey inside. "Sure I remember," I said, "but bee hunting went out years ago with the prairie chickens."

"That's right," said Milt, "but since the big-time commercial boys have started planting truckloads of hives about the country, the wild bees have come back. I've seen the flying swarms. There are a dozen bee trees scattered around this area, if you still know how to find them."

Clumsy humblebees and many kinds of wasps hummed about the pink smartweed blossoms, attracted by their strong honey-like odor, and I approached quietly so as not to antagonize any of them. I opened my box a little way, eased it under the first honeybee I saw and tapped the blossom stem sharply. The bee dropped inside, and I quickly closed the lid. For a moment he buzzed up against the glass, startled and angry. But the sole purpose of a worker bee's existence is to gather honey for the colony. His sting is for defense, and very soon the scent of real honey in the box mastered him. He settled down to the comb, and I carried him back to the fence line, set down the box and opened it. Soon the bee had gorged himself. I watched him leave, spiraling straight upward until he had cleared all vegetation. I marked his course carefully as he took off on his "beeline" down the valley for home.

Milt shook his head. "No good," he said, "he's aiming straight for one of those commercial stands."

I went back to the pond, captured another bee and carried the box to a different spot along the fence, for I didn't want any returning commercial bees confusing us. This time when my worker left he headed across ridges and fields for the timbered creek on our right.

I glanced at Milt, and he nodded. "Looks O.K." I jerked out my watch

and marked the position of both minute and seconds hands for timing the bee's return. Then I settled back comfortably into the shade of the fencerow bushes to wait. Above me hung some late wild plums, red-ripe and luscious. I picked and ate with one eye always on the honey box.

There is no precise way to determine the distance to a bee's home, but you can form an estimate. A bee travels nearly 12 miles an hour on course, depending on the wind, and he seldom strays more than three miles from home base in search of honey. When my worker came ringing back again, I rechecked my watch. "I'd guess about a mile, so it must be the creek all right," I said.

Milt's eyes twinkled as they met mine. "I guess you haven't forgotten a thing."

Again we waited. On the third return of our bee he brought a companion with him. Next, several came, and soon we had one flight line clearly established. We could cross-line them now. I closed the box with half a dozen bees busy loading up inside and moved along the fence for a couple hundred yards. There I set them down again.

It has always been a source of wonderment to me that a bee is not at all confused by being carried thus aside. One would think that upon rising from his box he would head off in the wrong direction. Yet he never does. He spirals again upward, takes his bearings and once more "homes" straight for his colony. I am always bewildered at this. But when why shouldn't I be? Even the greatest natural scientists have failed to explain fully the homing and navigation abilities in either birds or insects. The hunter is content to know only that his bees have that ability, for the straight lines make it possible to determine his destination. The vertex of the angle formed by the two flight lines is certain to be the bee tree. Transferring haphazardly through the woods, you might pass such a tree a dozen times without noticing it except by accident. Bees are wisely selective about their home, and if the clean-

continued

ly waxed entrance to their honey cache is a tiny knothole in a limb high up, you have a problem finding it even if you know it is there.

We got back into our truck and drove on as far as we could. When we reached the creek, Milt and I separated by 20 yards or so and began carefully searching the area—walking slowly and silently, watching every opening in the tree-tops for the swift speck of a bee against the sky, pausing every few steps to listen for the drone of one incoming.

While we walked I got to wondering why I had not thought sooner of a renaissance of wild bees. I had seen stands of dozens of hives planted about the country, usually near to clover fields. In my boyhood, when all oldtime farmers kept a few colonies for the family table, swarms strayed wild from them constantly and made bee trees common. Milt and I had hunted them to sell the honey. It was only after a new generation had started buying its sweets from supermarkets that the farm hives disappeared, and with them the wild swarms.

While we paused to listen a few moments later, I saw my first bee. It came from in front of me and passed over. "I think we've passed the tree," I called to Milt. I waited until another bee had gone over us, and then I felt sure of it. We backtracked a little and took up positions on either side of the creek timber where a view of the sky was clear. Neither of us spoke again until Milt saw another bee. It passed him at a 45-degree angle to the creek. He marked its course, and we advanced accordingly. Then I saw a bee that braked in flight and nose-dived into the treetops. "That she blows!" I yelled. I waded under brush to the spot, and Milt joined me there. Even with a bee faintly whining in or away through branches every moment or so, it took quite a bit of close looking to spot them entering and leaving a crevice in the splintered end of a tree trunk from which the top had broken off high up. In this case there was nothing to do but fell the whole tree. Fortunately, it was a dead one. Otherwise we would have had to obtain permission of the landowner, who might not have reacted favorably to the loss of a healthy specimen.

We manned the crosscut in our shirt-sleeves because of the warmth of the afternoon. And that was why we fled so

abruptly when the tree crashed. Some people prefer to cut bee trees in the dead of winter on a day so cold that the insects can no longer fly and sting, but by that time the colony will usually have eaten up part of its honey. You have to take risks for the richest rewards.

While the bees buzzed in an angry cloud above their fallen home, Milt dumped the sack in which he had brought special clothing. "Want to do the dirty work?" he asked with a grin. He hadn't forgotten my nervousness around bees.

"Sure," I told him. My light hunting clothes were not heavy enough to protect me, but Milt had brought along the needed extras and soon had me encased in a pair of his coveralls. Then I had only to turn the cuffs down and stuff them tightly into my high-top shoes. Before donning gloves and bee cap, I taped my chin and nose against the chance of my veil drooping against them. Milt tied the wrists and collar veil, for my fingers were now clumsy.

"Remember that time we took Fat Cramer along and you stuck him in the rear with a sliver to make him think they could sting through two pairs of jeans?" I asked.

Milt roared. "I still swear he went into the air 10 feet, and he didn't stop running till he was 300 yards away."

He lighted a handful of cotton rags and stuffed them into the smoker. When it was smoldering well, I took it and went to quiet the swarm a bit while he dressed into his own outfit.

There were dozens of bees attacking me as soon as I approached the fallen tree. I could see those on the veil before my eyes plunging away in vain with their stingers. I knew I was safe, yet I cringed. I enlarged the entrance crevice and puffed a few jets of smoke into it, then looked, but there was no comb near enough to be visible. I tapped down along the trunk, listening with my ear close to it. The hollow extended several feet. With the crosscut we sawed halfway through, just at the upper end of the hollow and again at the lower, then half-sawed the trunk three times more in circular fashion at 18-inch intervals just barely to the hollow, removing the saw and blowing the cracks clean before the last strokes. We did not want a lot of sawdust mixed into our honey. I picked up the ax and wedges, and I could feel my excitement mounting as it always had when we were at last ready to break into a cavity. Until

you do, there is always a question whether your work and trouble will net one pound of honey or 30. There is literal truth in that old country rhyme:

A swarm of bees in May is worth a ton of hay;

A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon;

A swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly.

In fact, those that swarm really late will not amass enough honey to live through the winter.

I set the wedge and swung the ax. At that new earthquake the outraged bees swarmed up in clouds from the grooves left by the saw. I struck again, and the wood began to split. With the section loosed at both ends from the trunk, I pried one corner up enough to see under it into the cleanly waxed interior. One glimpse was enough—long slabs of comb sealed full and dark in color. That black comb meant an old swarm. It spelled honey in quantity, some perhaps of several years standing—aged and flavored by the surrounding wood, so connoisseurs say, in the same way aging in a cask improves wine.

"It's a real strike!" I shouted to Milt, and opened that section of the hollow to his view.

After the whole cavity had been opened to daylight, the bees quieted. Whether they were dazed by the extent of their disaster or simply recognized defeat, and surrendered, I do not know, but they became less belligerent and fell to gorging themselves on their own sweets. Bees often act this way, and that is why the hunter must have covered containers. Otherwise, as fast as you brush a slab of comb clean of bees and place it in your pail, new bees will alight all over it.

Milt came in with pans and buckets for our loot. I loosened the sleeve cuffs from my gloves and also opened some of my clothing to let air to my face and body. Under all those layers I was streaming with sweat. It was a risky thing to do. The scent of honey attracts robber bees, striped wasps and bumblebees, any of which will sting upon provocation. Alid so I tried to work fast, to get finished before too many of those airborne bandits showed up. Eventually, in my haste I got a sting. I had half-expected I would, yet I jerked from reflex at the sudden dart of pain. Of course the stinger remained in my skin.

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When you remove the stinger of a bee from your skin, you don't pinch it between thumb and finger and pull it out like a sliver. At least you don't if you know about honeybees. That stinger is a tiny hollow cone filled with venom. A little of that venom squirts under your hide when the stinger stabs home, but only a little. If you squeeze the stinger trying to get it out, you get a second and larger dose. So the thing to do is wedge it out from the bottom up with the back side of a fingernail. The next thing is to keep air away from the puncture. Boys know a mud plaster will do that. But honey works as well and stays on better. Smear on a layer at once and a sting or two amounts to little more than a hard brush with nettles—unless you are one of those few unlucky persons with a special allergy. (If you have no experience at all with bees, it is wise to remember that in a few recorded instances a single sting has sent the recipient into a shock that proved fatal. Any symptoms of shock, nausea or chill-

ing accompanied by red blotches appearing on the skin indicate that you had best get speedily to a physician.)

There was honey enough in the tree that day to nearly fill our pan and pails. I put the nice solid slabs in one of them with the white comb of the bees' last months' harvest on top, knowing it would keep fine in cool storage. Into other pails went the broken, mashed and seeping comb for rendering. If rendered honey turns to sugar, that is, crystallizes on the shelf, you can always place the opened containers up to their necks in a pan of hot water until the crystals redissolve, and you will once again have clear strained honey for several months.

Back out of the creek with veils off and the breeze blowing freely through our loosened clothing, Milt and I sampled a few bites of the delicious sweet that was the reward of our hunt and sat down in the shade of a solitary tree for a pipe apiece. "Now what?" I asked, when we had carefully emptied our bowls and ground out the embers.

Milt laughed. "Don't you think we've got enough?"

"Well," I said, "we could just trail down another bee and have another tree located for next year."

"And spoil half the fun of next year's hunt?"

I looked at Milt and smiled in agreement. He was right. We would have been tempted to cut it. It was only that my enthusiasm had tried to run away with me.

I gazed up the creek and down the creek, to where it blurred into late afternoon haze in either direction and listened to a couple of squirrels chattering. I'd come back for a go at them as soon as the leaves fell, and shortly thereafter there would be the weekends on the river with Milt in his duck blind. I felt just healthily and comfortably fatigued enough to sit there for an hour, but Milt got to his feet. "Come on," he said. "I've got cows to milk back home—besides, Molly has promised hot biscuits for supper."

END

Vista will send 6000 volunteers to one country this year.

Nations all over the globe have serious problems. But here in America, we have some urgent problems of our own:

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CIRCUS DAYS

Sirs:

Roy Blount's article on the Oakland A's (*Our Short in Yellow on Red*, March 30) presents the claim that a lot of people stayed away from the ball games "even though" Charles Finley provided scoreboard cartoons, fireworks, a minstrel combo and a mule. "Because" might be a more apt term. Despite what San Franciscoans will tell you, residents of Oakland and the other East Bay cities are not the kind of unsophisticated clods who will flock in large numbers to witness such nonsense. A minstrel combo in one of the soul-musik centers of the West?

R. L. FLEMMING

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

Since I have heard nothing to the contrary, I assume that Joe Cronin will allow Charles O. Finley to color the bases red, yellow and blue. Perhaps Mr. Cronin and Mr. Finley had better read the rule book. Rule 1.06 states: "First, second and third bases shall be marked by white canvas bags."

Perhaps if Mr. Finley would concentrate on putting a baseball team on the field instead of a circus he would draw more than the 778,232 fans that he did in 1969.

BILL WAGNER

Jeffersonville, Ind.

● Mr. Finley apparently read the rule book, changed the colors to phosphorescent white, then had another change of mind and decided on gold. —ED.

TRADE WINDS

Sirs:

Re your article about the St. Louis Cardinals (*A Bird in Hand and a Bussing Busch*, March 23), St. Louis currently has an \$11.5 million croquet arch, a bankrupt Spanish Pavilion from the World's Fair, a shipwrecked duplicate of the Santa Maria and a general manager by the name of Bunting Bang. His recent jewels are to trade Bobby Tolan, Alex Johnson, Tim Lincecum, Curt Flood, Wayne Granger and Joe Heener for Richie Allen and a bunch of bat boys, plus a .250-hitting outfielder by the name of Cardenal.

Meanwhile Gusie Busch lectured the players last spring that they have forgotten that the fans come first. He then proceeds to raise reserved-seat ticket prices 20%, and to fire the popular play-by-play announcer and replace him with a sleepy-eyed disc jockey. Oh, yes, parking and refreshment prices have also been increased.

W. BLUESCHER

Belleville, Ill.

PUBLIC ANGER

Sirs:

Thanks for Pat Ryan's article, *A Governing Sinner's Sins* (*The Golf* March 30), and also for the amount of concern that SI has shown on environmental issues. At a time when all levels of government have more agencies than qualified, or conigned, personnel to staff them, it is heartening to see the media taking up the fight. The last three paragraphs of the article show what a difficult problem we are faced with. I feel that public anger is the only thing that will "move the Government," and consequently I praise your magazine, which has done more in the past few years than has the Department of the Interior in its lifetime of being out to lunch on the taxpayers' money. Keep us angry—yelling and old alike.

BILL MALLOY

Belleville, Mich.

Sirs:

Please continue to emphasize environmental problems as you have emphasized the most recent example, that of Chevron Oil's wanton disregard of all except maximizing the oil flow. The land, water and air around us are bound inseparably to sport.

STUART G. MORRIS

Whitfish Bay, Wis.

FART TRACK

Sirs:

A trophy should be awarded to Pat Putnam as well as SI on the track-and-hold article, *Field Day for Asses* (March 23). It was a very well-balanced and well-phrased article. An upset of this caliber should be, and was, recorded in your usual ideal manner. I hope to see more.

JERRY BLUM

Bellane, Ohio

Sirs:

Some time ago the greatest miler the world has ever seen dropped out of track. He was, of course, Kamas' Jim Ryan. For three years he was the top miler in the world. The pressure was high, and finally he fell under it. Many people fell upon him like cultures, saying that he lost and quit. Yes, he did lose; it was his first loss in years, but he lost.

Now America has another miler, Marty Liquori. He has been on top for a little less than a year, and now he, too, has lost. This time, though, let us not pounce upon him, because most of us do not know what grueling torture a miler goes through to become No. 1. And once there it's mentally trying and difficult to stay.

JERRY KOELZER

Vienna, Va.

CRUSHED EGG

Sirs:

I would like to thank you for being so kind. Thanks for giving Marquette one column of in-depth interviews and for giving some hot dog from Louisiana the rest of a two-page article to give us reasons why his playing was so crummy in the NIT (*The Upstaging of Pistol Pete*, March 30). How one man can get more recognition than a championship team is beyond me. Pathetic Pete Maravich's illness was a clear-cut case of crushed ego.

TOM KIRSCHBAUM

West Allen, Wis.

Sirs:

All his ailments and late hours notwithstanding, Pistol was beaten by a good, hard defense. Marquette's press and defense are among the best in major college basketball. Someone as good as Pete Maravich should get more than one field goal in 19 minutes of play against 30 men, much less five.

As an avid reader of SI, I was very disappointed that more acknowledgment wasn't given to the winning warriors. Give me Dean the Dream anytime. Dean Meminger may not shoot as well as Maravich from the outside, but I'll bet the great Pete himself learned something about ball handling and one-on-one play from the tournament MVP. The Warriors may not be No. 1, but they're certainly close to it!

CARLY MARNEY

Milwaukee

WEEP NO MORE

Sirs:

Re SCOT CARM (*Ms. Oh! Heavenly Scorned*, March 30), how can you shed tears for good old Calumet when they (wonderful, wealthy Calumet) moved the boat entirely. I kept waiting after the '68 Derby for this wonderful, etc. outfit to come out with some sort of statement like: "Congratulations, Dancer's Image, you beat the pants off us. We wish you did not use punk flippers, but certainly you and your owner deserve it all, trophy and purse. And we'll be back to do battle here again." But never a word of this sort. I hope Pete Fuller can get another good horse and go back to Louisville to let the world see more of a real sportsman.

Mrs. Marley, please offer him congrats and the purse. The Dancer beat you.

R. T. COSSONS

South Weymouth, Mass.

MODERN DRAMA

Sirs:

The opening line of a March 16 *Scout* cartoon item ("One for the *Sermon*") noted that Arnie Palmer recently "bought a golf



club in Orlando, Fla." I read on, expecting to be delighted by the drama of how Arnie proceeded to use the \$8.95 wedge, which he bought in an emergency minutes before tee-off time, to drop a huge chip and win a tournament. Alas, I discovered the aforementioned "golf club" was actually the 18-hole variety, with a six- or seven-figure price tag. I guess the situation I envisioned is an anachronism belonging in a movie from the '40s. You know, the Babe, played by William Bendix, breaks a slump by swatting three homers with a bat borrowed from a sandlotter. I also suspect that nowadays Arnie would outdraw the movie 2 to 1.

E. WALTER CORNELL

Reading, Ohio

FLASHBACK

Sirs:

I was glancing through the Aug. 30, 1954 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and came across the following story about an 11-year-old named Mike Hogan.



MIKE HOGAN, 11-year-old pitcher of the East Lynn, Mass. Little League at 11, hopes to follow his father, Cleveland Catcher Jim Hogan, into the big leagues. Crowded by seven stars as Al Rosen and Lou Brown, Mike led his team to the local title, 30-577 and pitched six victories in seven games.

Other readers might be interested to know that Mike's dream of following his father into the big leagues has come true. He started with the Yankees and is now the Seattle Pilots' first baseman.

JIM HOGAN

Chenango, N.Y.

INTENTIONAL PASS

Sirs:

Clearly, organized baseball is now a decaying business. Recall the day-by-day crowds of '48 and '69, occasionally under 1,000 and regularly under 5,000. There is a reason, but the megabucks miss it. The remedy is not artificial surfaces, comfort seating or lowered pitching mounds. It is not expansion, alienating further an already meager

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

pool of seasoning talent. Now is it home-run foul lines varying by 100 feet from park to park, or funereally paced parades of relievers within an inning, or a season drearily stumbling from premature spring into belated fall, debilitating personnel through 162 interminable night games, day games, twilight games, makeup games, doubleheaders and division playoffs. The remedy is none of these, because the cancer destroying modern baseball is its sin: *ad hoc*, availing acceptance of the intentional pass.

We scores of thousands of former fans (and scads of thousands of potential fans) will no longer daily pay to see a McCovey, Rose, Aaron, Jackson, Banks, Howard, et al. daily removed from the batting order by the intolerable intentional pass. So I urge the adoption of my Catcher's Rule 1970. The catcher shall keep both feet inside his catching box throughout the pitcher's delivery to the batter. The plate umpire shall declare each violation of this rule a "battery violation" and shall count a ball to the batter and direct a one-base advance by the base runners, if any. Note: the catcher's box shall extend laterally to the midlines of the batter's box.

The implications are intriguing.

JOSEPH M. McLOUGHLIN

San Jose, Calif.

PRESENT NEED

Sirs:

I was glad to see that you published the interesting results of Alan Eagleson's poll on the wearing of hockey helmets in the NHL (Spectator, March 21). The minor hockey league in the area in which I live has had a rule for the past 10 years (as do most leagues now) making the wearing of helmets mandatory. It seems ridiculous to me that players, who have worn helmets ever since they started playing hockey, discard them when they reach the professional level supposedly because the helmets hamper their playing ability. I'm sure everyone in Boston would rather have Ted Green "hampered" by a helmet than undergo brain surgery. Stan Mikita's play doesn't seem to be hampered too much by his helmet.

Why must the NHL live in the past? When will hockey owners and officials wake up and realize that they are taking undue risks with their "property" when they listen to such nonsense as, "The older players won't be able to adapt." It seems to me that those very players didn't have too much of a problem adapting to the curved blade.

I hope you continue to emphasize the importance of safety features in sports.

LAN BROWN

Port Credit, Ontario

Address editorial mail to: **TIME & LIFE Bldg.,**
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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VAT 69 GOLD LABEL.
The Golden Light Scotch
with the Golden Light Taste.



A close-up, profile view of a man wearing a cowboy hat, looking off to the side with a cigarette in his mouth. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's
you get a lot to like.

